# MILLENNIAL HARP

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# MILLENNIAL HARP,

OR

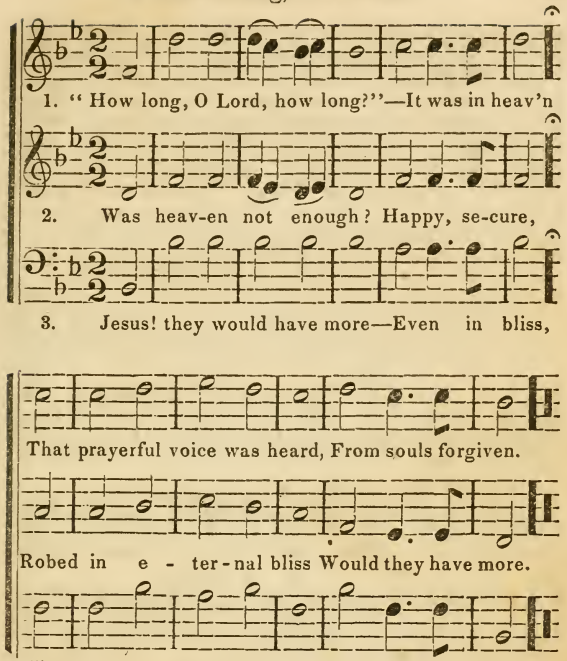
# SECOND ADVENT HYMNS;

DESIGNED FOR

MEETINGS ON THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

By JOSHUA V. HIMES.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED 14 DEVONSHIRE STREET.
1842.


1. " How long, O Lord, how long?"—It was in heav'n
2. Was heav-en not enough? Happy, se-cure,
3. Jesus! they would have more—Even in bliss,
That prayerful voice was heard, From souls forgiven.
Robed in e - ter-nal bliss Would they have more.
The souls ex - pec-tant wait More hap- pi - ness.

4

They wait, even in heaven,
Impatiently,
To see this troubled world
At peace with thee.

5

They would behold their King,
Once crucified,
Mistrusted still, disowned,
And still denied,—

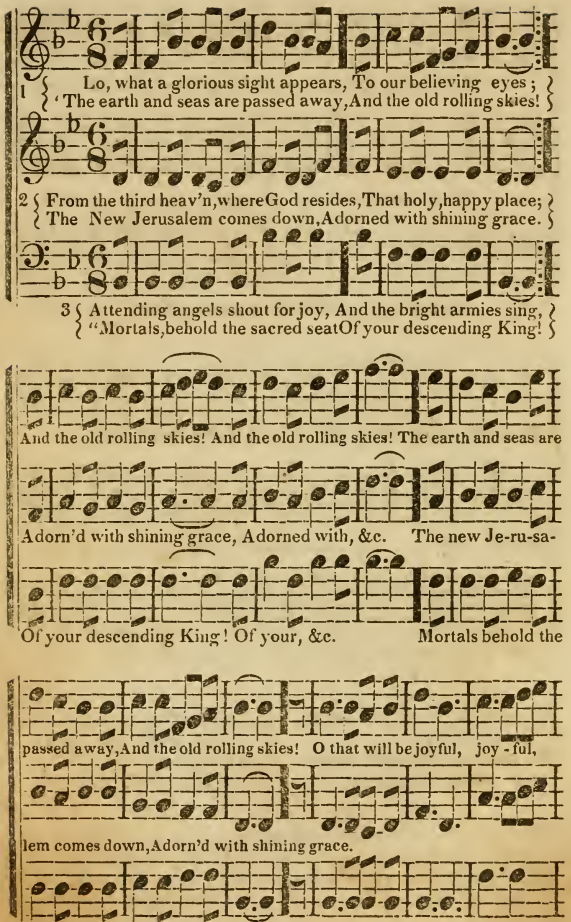
6

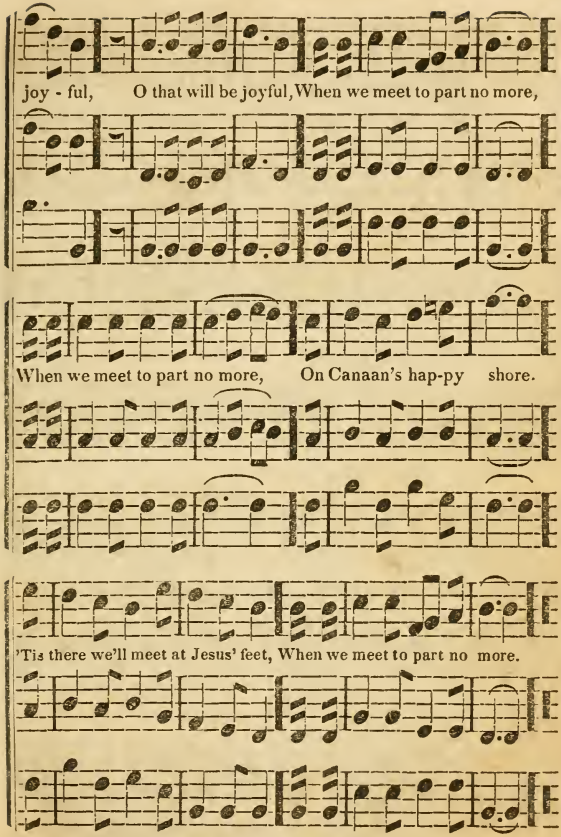
Jesus! they would behold
Thy work complete,
And misery and sin
Beneath thy feet.

7

And may not we, too, join
In heaven's song?
Should we alone not ask,
" How long, how long?"

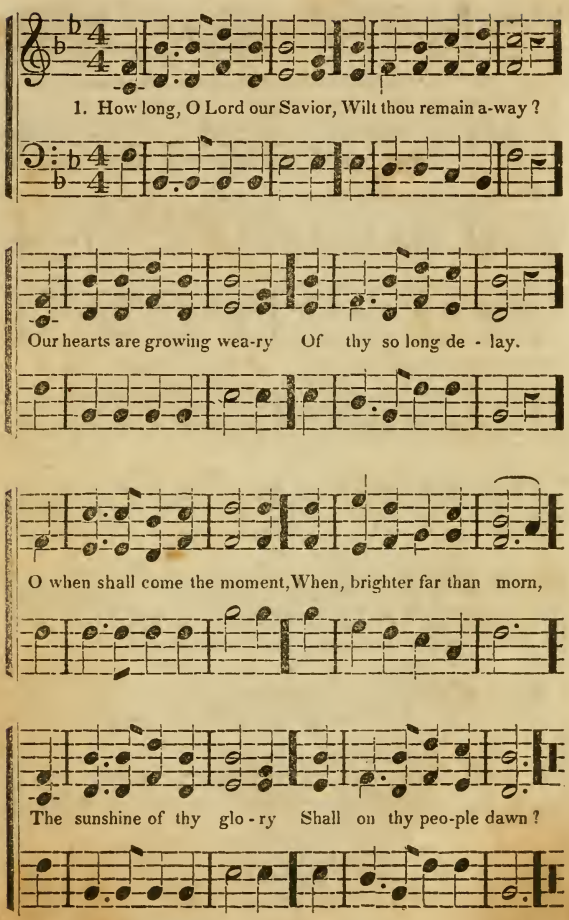
# New Jerusalem. C. M.


1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears, To our believing eyes;
'The earth and seas are passed away, And the old rolling skies!
2 From the third heav'n, where God resides, That holy, happy place;
The New Jerusalem comes down, Adorned with shining grace.
3 Attending angels shout for joy, And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat Of your descending King!
And the old rolling skies! And the old rolling skies! The earth and seas are
Adorn'd with shining grace, Adorned with, &c. The new Je-ru-sa-
Of your descending King! Of your, &c. Mortals behold the
passed away, And the old rolling skies! O that will be joyful, joy-ful,
lem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace.
sacred seat Of your descending King!


joy - ful, O that will be joyful, When we meet to part no more,
When we meet to part no more, On Canaan's hap-py shore.
'Tis there we'll meet at Jesus' feet, When we meet to part no more.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men are the objects of his love,
And he their gracious God.

[1*] *See entire hymn on page* 5, "*Millennial Musings.*"


1. How long, O Lord our Savior, Wilt thou remain a-way ?
Our hearts are growing wea-ry Of thy so long de - lay.
O when shall come the moment, When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glo - ry Shall on thy peo-ple dawn ?

1 How long, O Lord our Savior,
Wilt thou remain away ?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of thy so long delay.
O when shall come the moment
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory
Shall on thy people dawn ?

2 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt thou thy household leave ?
So long hast thou now tarried,
Few thy return believe.
Immers'd in sloth and folly,
Thy servants Lord, we see ;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome thee.

3 How long, O heav'nly Bride-
groom,
How long wilt thou delay ?
And yet how few are grieving
That thou dost absent stay !
Thy very Bride her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where thou, her Lord, art not.

4 O wake thy slumbering virgins ;
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all thy saints repeat it,
" The Bridegroom draweth nigh !"
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy thy face to see.

---

## Hymn for 1843.

BY DR. WEST.

2d Peter, iii. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14.

1 The clouds at length are break-
ing ;
The dawn will soon appear,
And " Signs" there's no mistaking,
Proclaim Messiah NEAR.
Awake, awake from sleeping,
Attend the " midnight cry,"
Ye saints, refrain from weeping,
Your GREAT DELIVERER'S NIGH.

2 The morning light is beaming ;
The " day-star" shines on high,
Christ's Heralds are proclaiming
His coming in the sky ;
And earth's eventful story
A few short months will tell,
The righteous rise to glory ;
The wicked sink to hell.

3 If earth and all her treasure,
Are doom'd to fire and flame ;
Her Royal pomp, and pleasure
Are but an *empty name !*
Her Kings—her Crowns—her glory
Her Armies—Fleets—and pride,
May bubble forth her story
While floating down the tide.

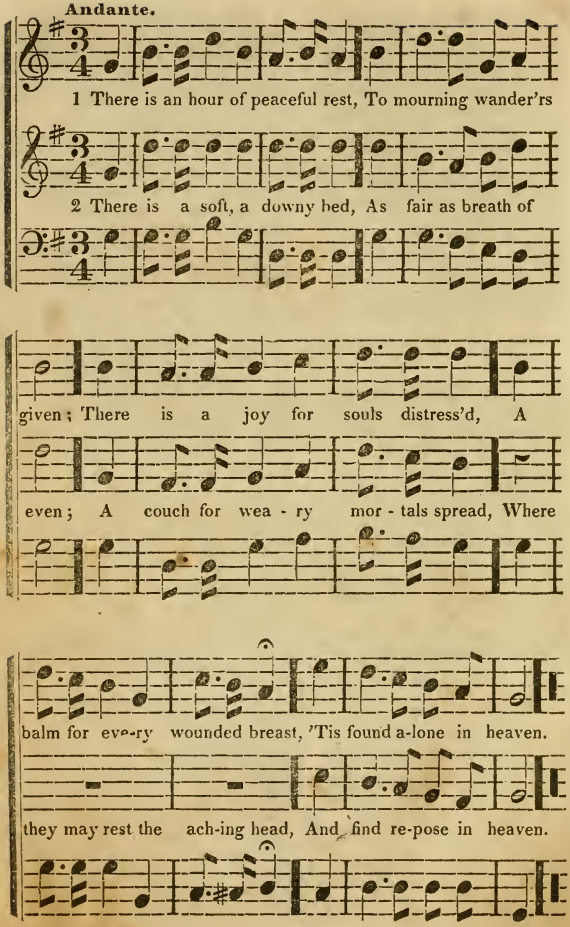
4 The Ocean, Oh ! the ocean,
To which *her* grandeurs tend
Now foams in dreadful motion,
Her boast and pomp to end.
See, see, the flames ascending,
The seas, themselves explode ;
The clouds,—the skies, are rending
With cries of—'God'—'Oh! God'!!

5 Oh! hear the sad petition,
" Rocks crush us into dust ;"
Oh ! pity our condition—
Or *damned* we surely must ·
We thought that we were wiser
Than '*Pastors*'—'*Saints*,' and all ;
Yet Sinner—Sceptic—miser—
Must suffer once for all.

6 Ye mortals take the warning,
Ten thousand calls invite ;
Should you neglect THE WARN-
ING
Then comes the *doleful night.*
Now mercy's hand extended,
The vilest wretch would save ;
But Oh ! if *this* be ended
You're lost beyond the grave.

7 Great Author of compassion,
Redeemer—Savior—friend—
Oh ! send to every nation
The knowledge of its end ;
Fly ! fly on ' wings of morning,
Ye who the TRUTH can tell,
And sound the awful warning,
To rescue souls from *hell.*

# Heavenly Rest.


Andante.
1 There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wander'rs
2 There is a soft, a downy bed, As fair as breath of
given; There is a joy for souls distress'd, A
even; A couch for wea - ry mor - tals spread, Where
balm for ev'-ry wounded breast, 'Tis found a-lone in heaven.
they may rest the ach-ing head, And find re-pose in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls
And all is drear—but heaven.

4 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:—
Beyond the dark, the narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

---

**Human Frailty.**

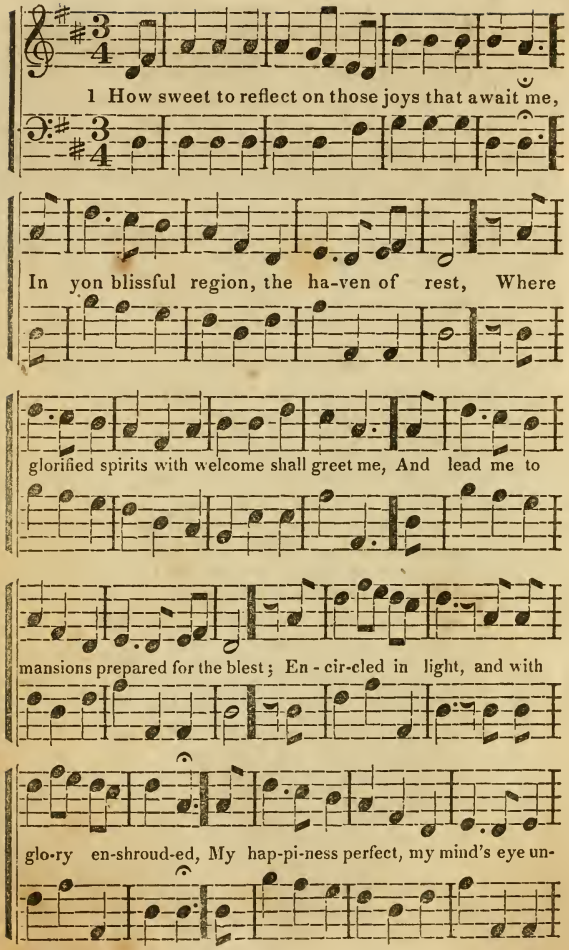
1 This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's probation given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true as heaven.

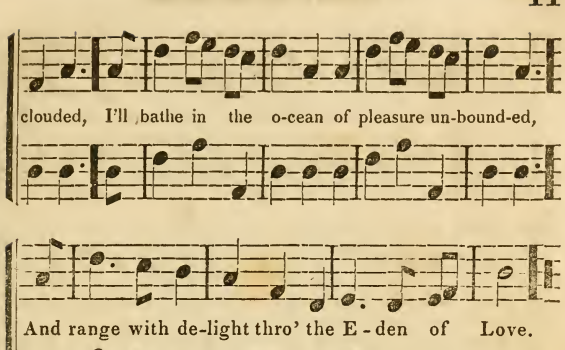
2 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we'er driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray
Serve but to light us on the way;
There's nothing bright as heaven.

3 And where's the hand held out to cheer
The heart with anguish riven?
For sorrow's sigh, and trouble's tear,
Have never found a refuge here;
There's nothing kind as heaven.

4 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven:
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace;
There's nothing good as heaven.

5 From those who walk in wisdom's way,
Corroding fears are driven;
They're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to heaven.


1 How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful region, the ha-ven of rest, Where
glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to
mansions prepared for the blest; En - cir-cled in light, and with
glo-ry en-shroud-ed, My hap-pi-ness perfect, my mind's eye un-



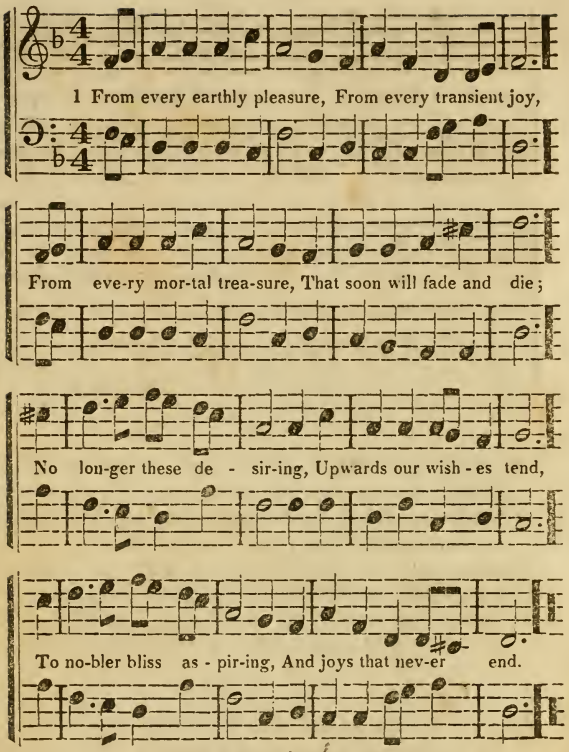

2

While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo thro' heaven,
My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of Love.

3

Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love:"
Though 'prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation:
My heart's now in Heaven, the Eden of Love.

# Desire to see Jesus.


1 From every earthly pleasure, From every transient joy,
From eve-ry mor-tal trea-sure, That soon will fade and die;
No lon-ger these de - sir-ing, Upwards our wish - es tend,
To no-bler bliss as - pir-ing, And joys that nev-er end.

2 From every piercing sorrow,
That leaves our breast to-day
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away,
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending,
In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true, we are but strangers,
We sojourn here below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

---

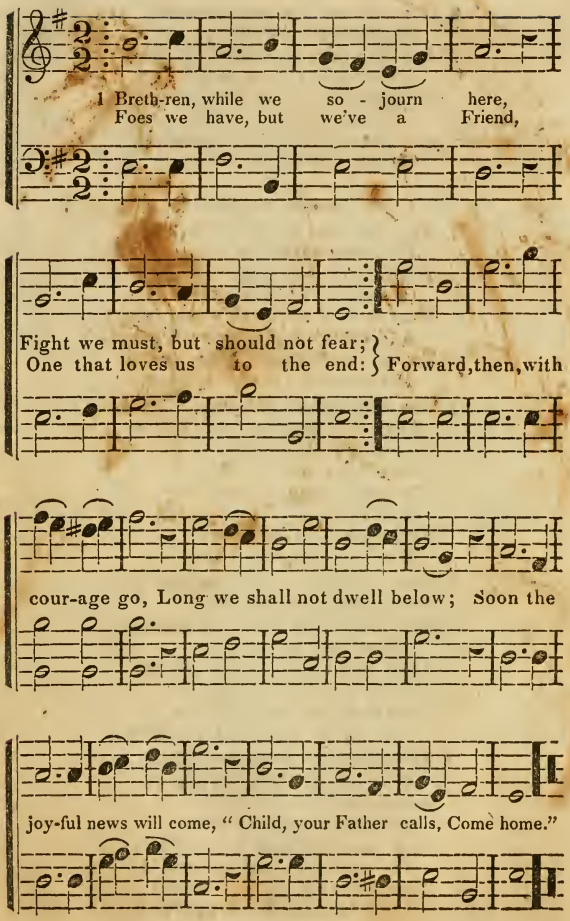
### The Great Physician.

1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul;
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined;
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great physician,
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin mine eyes had seal'd,
Then bade me look unto him;
I look'd—and I was heal'd.


1 Breth-ren, while we so - journ here,
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with
cour-age go, Long we shall not dwell below; Soon the
joy-ful news will come, " Child, your Father calls, Come home."

2 In the way, a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart:
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home."

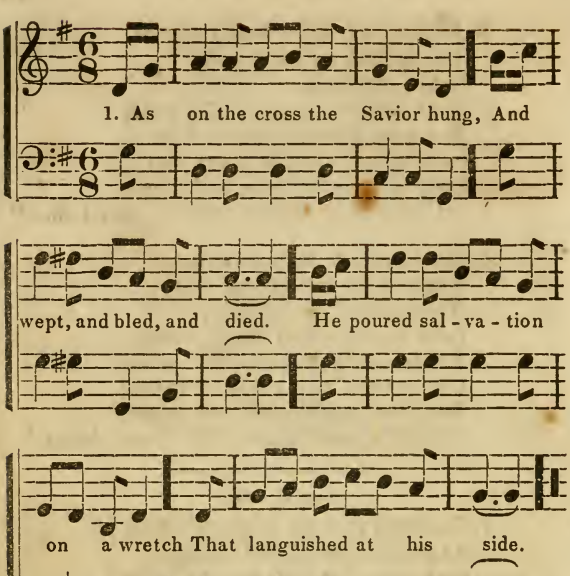
3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft misled our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
*Then* the joyful news will come,
"Child, your father calls, Come home."

---

**Joy in Hope.**

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Shout ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
Bids you undismay'd GO ON.




2 His crimes with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed;

3 'Jesus thou Son and heir of heaven,
'Thou spotless Lamb of God,
'I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
'And weltering in thy blood.

4 'Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
'In triumph thou shalt rise,
'Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.'

5 'Amid the glories of that world,
'Dear Savior, think on me;
'And in the vict'ries of thy death,
'May I a sharer be.'

6 His prayer the dying Jesus heard
And instantly replied,
'To-day thy parting soul shall be
'With me in paradise.'

---

**Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.**

1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Jesus die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

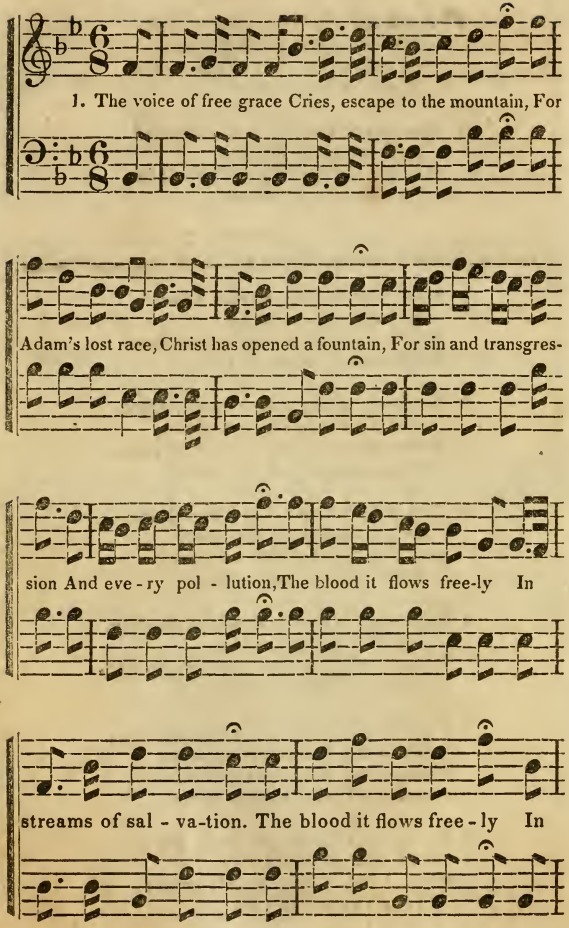
2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath of men,
The glorious Suff'rer stood!

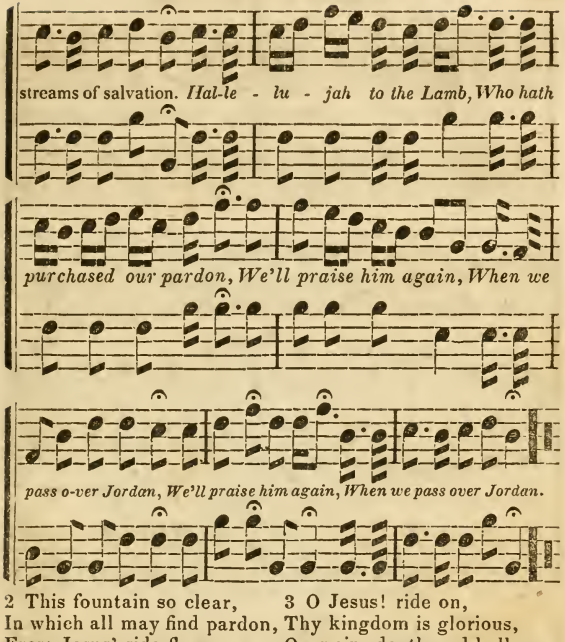
3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the glorious Savior died,
For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.


1. The voice of free grace Cries, escape to the mountain, For
Adam's lost race, Christ has opened a fountain, For sin and transgres-
sion And eve - ry pol - lution, The blood it flows free-ly In
streams of sal - va-tion. The blood it flows free - ly In

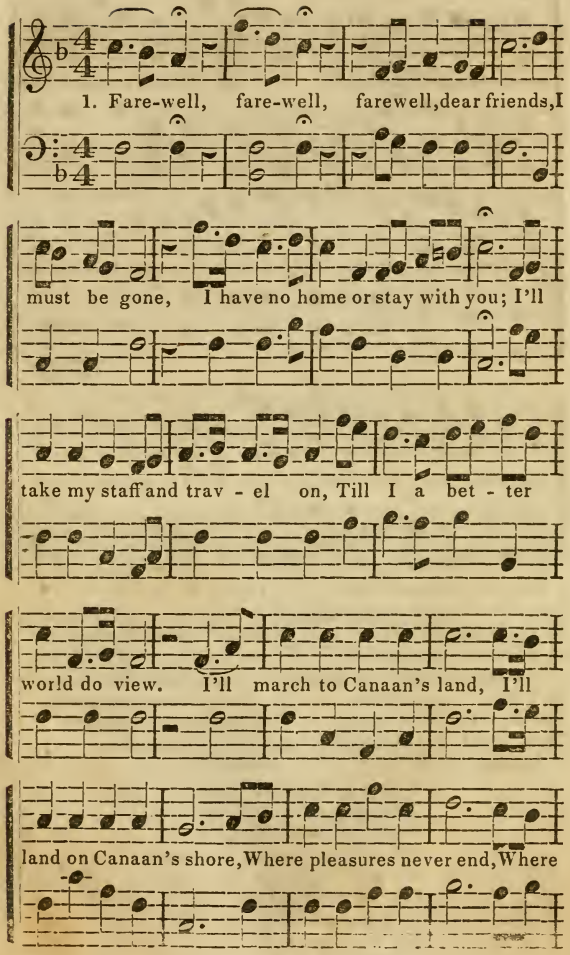
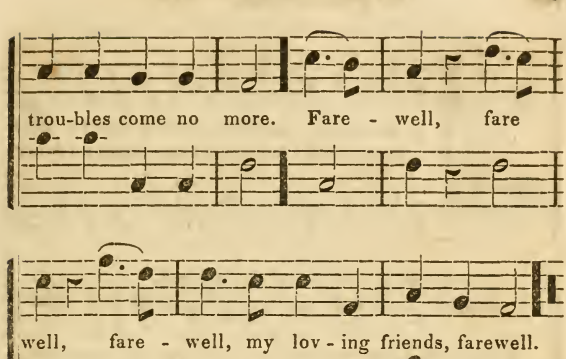

streams of salvation. Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Who hath
purchased our pardon, We'll praise him again, When we
pass o-ver Jordan, We'll praise him again, When we pass over Jordan.

2 This fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus' side flows
In plenteous redemption:
Tho' your sins they were raised
As high as a mountain,
The blood it flows freely
From Jesus, the fountain.
*Hallelujah, &c.*

3 O Jesus! ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death and hell
Thou wilt make us victorious,
Thy name shall be praised
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
Ascribing salvation.
*Hallelujah, &c.*

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands
We will praise him evermore,
We will range the blest fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
For ever and ever.
*Hallelujah, &c.*

# Pilgrim's Farewell.

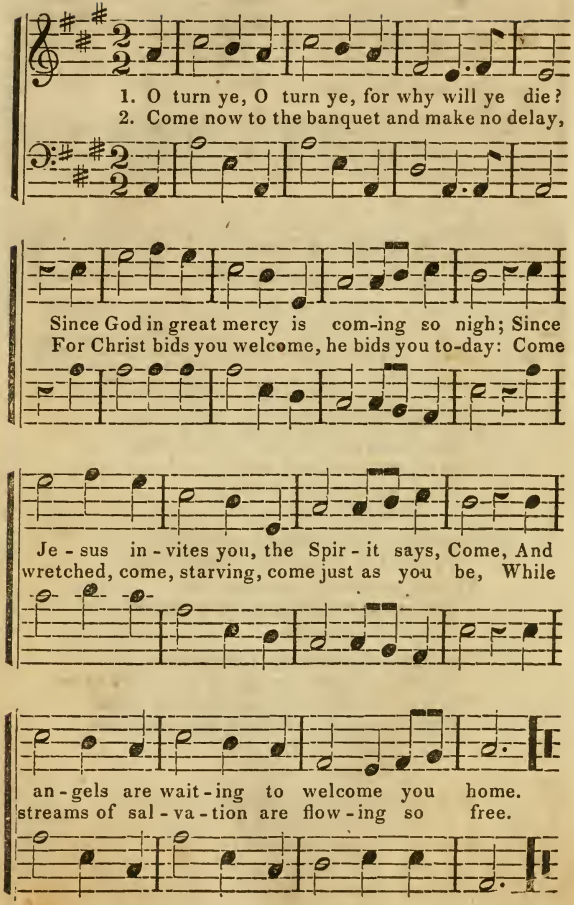

1. Fare-well, fare-well, farewell, dear friends, I
must be gone, I have no home or stay with you; I'll
take my staff and trav - el on, Till I a bet - ter
world do view. I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll
land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, Where

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
*I'll march, &c.*

2 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
*I'll march, &c.*

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven;
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown will soon be given.
*I'll march, &c.*
*Fight on, &c.*

5 Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here,
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
O turn, and find salvation near.
*I'll march, &c.*
*O turn, &c.*

# Expostulation. 11s.


1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
2. Come now to the banquet and make no delay,
Since God in great mercy is com-ing so nigh; Since
For Christ bids you welcome, he bids you to-day: Come
Je - sus in - vites you, the Spir - it says, Come, And
wretched, come, starving, come just as you be, While
an - gels are wait - ing to welcome you home.
streams of sal - va - tion are flow - ing so free.

**"O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die."**

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

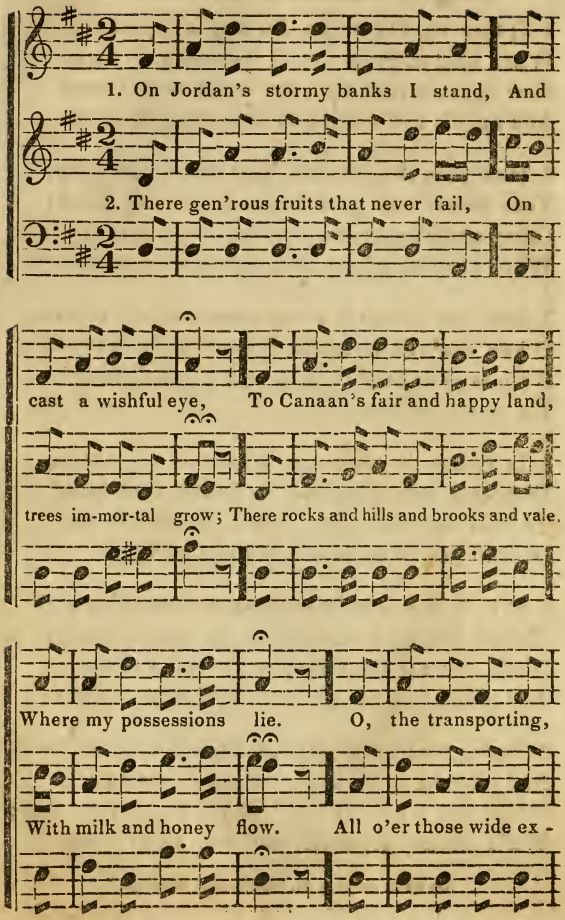
5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

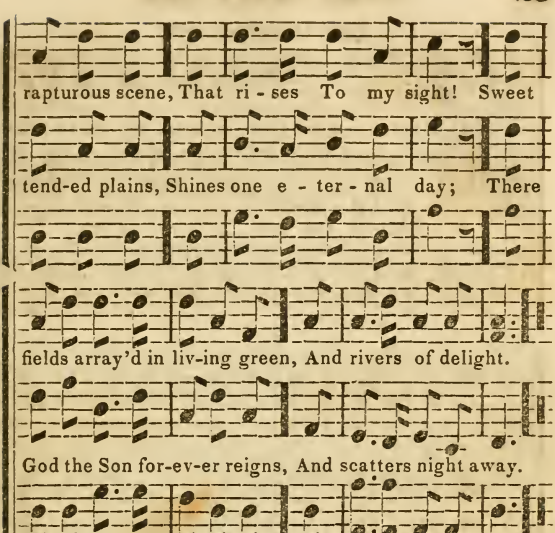
6 Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come;
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

*See hymn on page* 30, "*Millennial Musings.*"

# Jordan's stormy Banks.

*From the Wesleyan Harp.*


1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And
2. There gen'rous fruits that never fail, On
cast a wishful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land,
trees im-mor-tal grow; There rocks and hills and brooks and vale.
Where my possessions lie. O, the transporting,
With milk and honey flow. All o'er those wide ex -


rapturous scene, That ri - ses To my sight! Sweet
tend-ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day; There
fields array'd in liv-ing green, And rivers of delight.
God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scatters night away.

**Prospect of Heaven.**

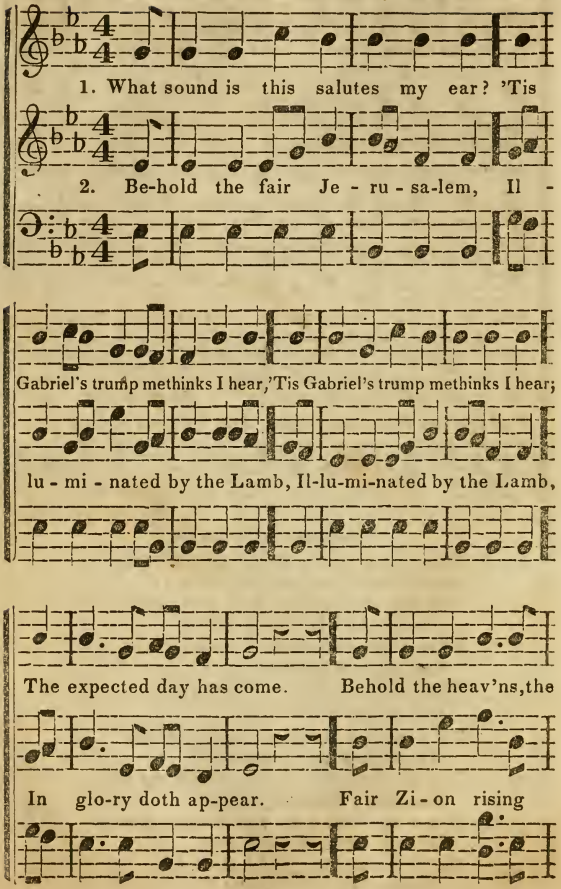
3 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

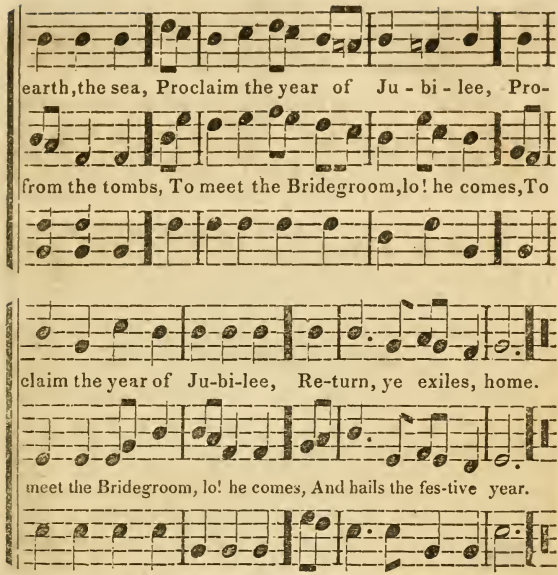
4 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
There on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

[3] *See "Millennial Musings"—page 6, hymn 2.*

# What sound is this.

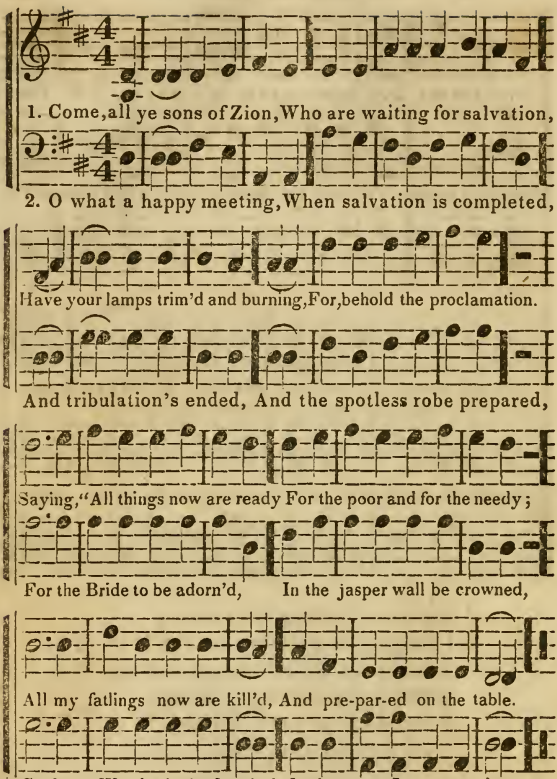
*From the Wesleyan Harp.*


1. What sound is this salutes my ear? 'Tis
2. Be-hold the fair Je - ru - sa-lem, Il -
Gabriel's trump methinks I hear,'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear;
lu - mi - nated by the Lamb, Il-lu-mi-nated by the Lamb,
The expected day has come. Behold the heav'ns,the
In glo-ry doth ap-pear. Fair Zi - on rising

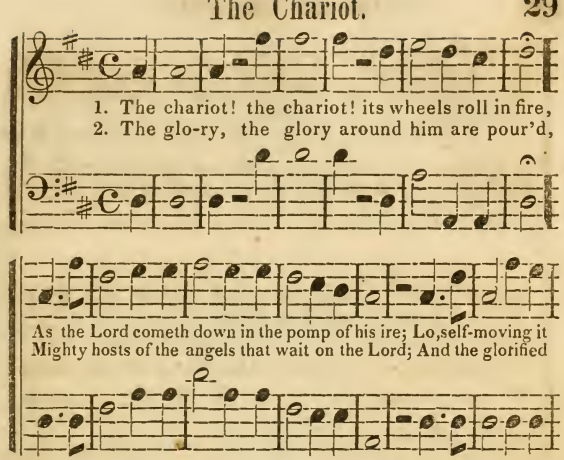

earth, the sea, Proclaim the year of Ju - bi - lee, Pro-
from the tombs, To meet the Bridegroom, lo! he comes, To
claim the year of Ju-bi-lee, Re-turn, ye exiles, home.
meet the Bridegroom, lo! he comes, And hails the fes-tive year.

3 My soul is striving to be there;
I long to rise and wing the air,
And trace the sacred road.
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things;
O that I had an angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God.

4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly,
I thirst, I pant, I long to try,
Angelic joys to prove!
Soon shall I quit this house of clay,
Clap my glad wings and soar away,
And shout redeeming love.


1. Come, all ye sons of Zion, Who are waiting for salvation,
2. O what a happy meeting, When salvation is completed,
Have your lamps trim'd and burning, For, behold the proclamation.
And tribulation's ended, And the spotless robe prepared,
Saying, "All things now are ready For the poor and for the needy;
For the Bride to be adorn'd, In the jasper wall be crowned,
All my fatlings now are kill'd, And pre-par-ed on the table.
Saying, "Worthy is the Lamb," In the new Je - ru-sa - lem.

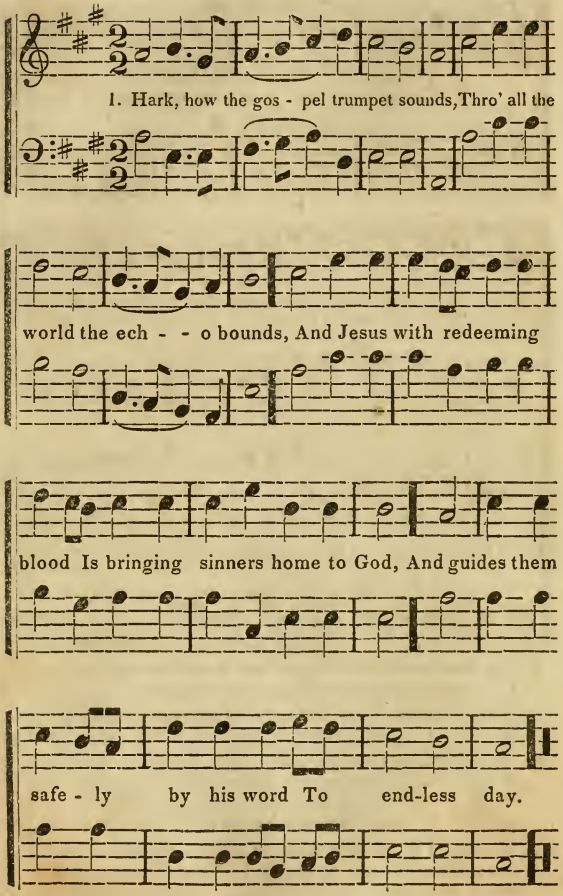
4 O sinners, don't be be doubting,
While the sons of God are shouting;
Come and join the happy army,
And there's nothing that will harm you.
If you follow Christ the Savior,
And break off your bad behavior,
And repent and be converted,
You may sing his praises too.


1. The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
2. The glo-ry, the glory around him are pour'd,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire; Lo, self-moving it
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord; And the glorified
drives on its pathway of cloud, And the heav'ns with the burden of God-
head are bow'd.
saints and the martyrs are there, And there all who the palm-wreaths of
victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirr'd!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white vested elders are met,
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above;
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a ransom in heaven.


1. Hark, how the gos - pel trumpet sounds, Thro' all the
world the ech - - o bounds, And Jesus with redeeming
blood Is bringing sinners home to God, And guides them
safe - ly by his word To end-less day.

**The Gospel Trumpet.**

1

Hark, how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, with redeeming blood
Is bringing sinners home to God,
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2

Hail, all victorious conquering Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts adored;
Who undertook for fallen man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign
In endless day.

3

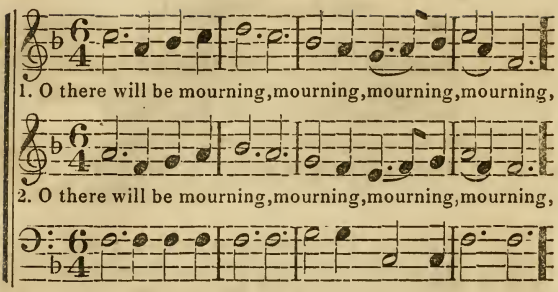
Fight on ye conquering saints, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear,
In endless day.

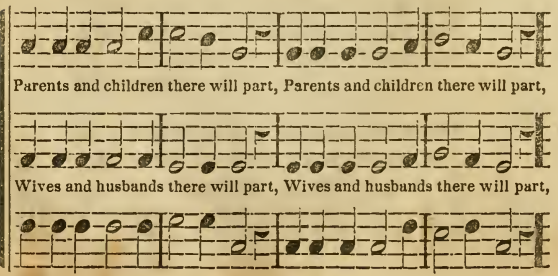
4

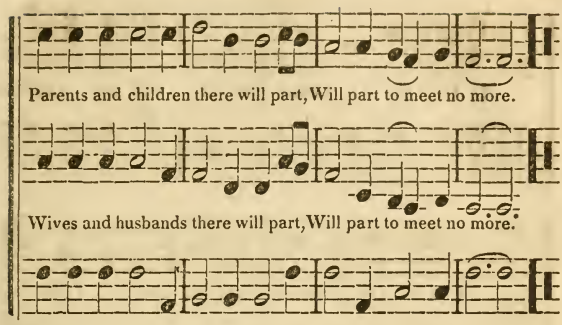
Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,
To save our souls from sin and guilt;
And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation through his word,
And sail by faith upon that flood
To endless day.

5

There we shall in sweet chorus join,
And saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move;
And that shall be the theme above,
In endless day.


1. O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
2. O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
O there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.
O there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.


Parents and children there will part, Parents and children there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part, Wives and husbands there will part,


Parents and children there will part, Will part to meet no more.
Wives and husbands there will part, Will part to meet no more.

3

O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Brothers and sisters there will part, &c.

4

O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Friends and neighbors there will part, &c.

5

O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Pastors and people there will part, &c.

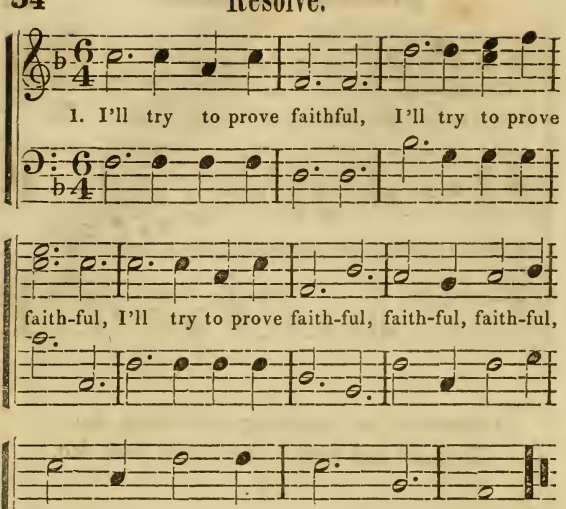
6

O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

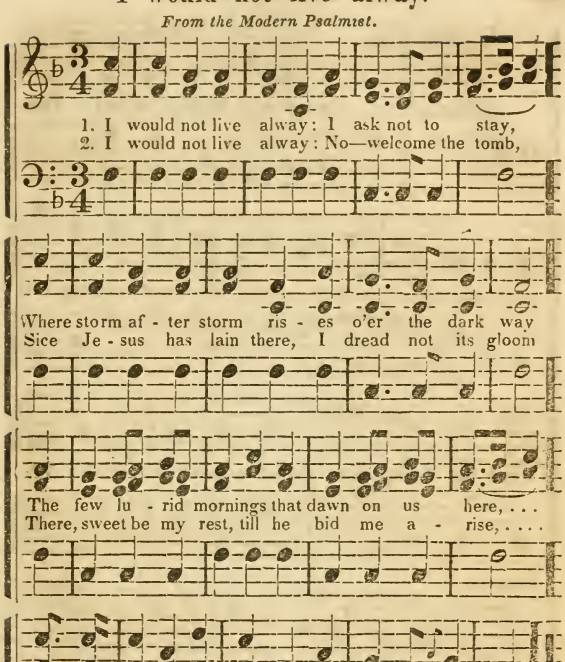
7

O there will be shouting, shouting, &c.
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

## Resolve.

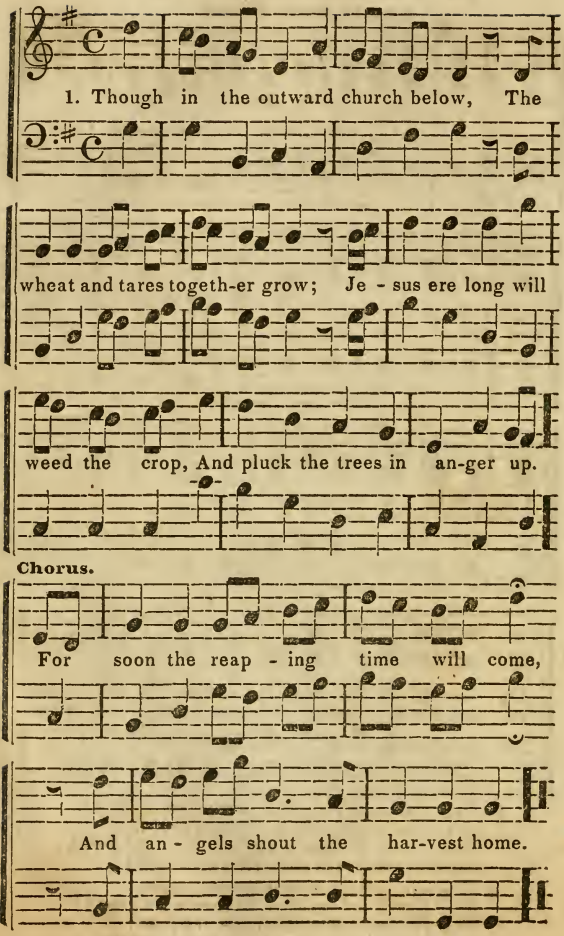

1. I'll try to prove faithful, I'll try to prove
faith-ful, I'll try to prove faith-ful, faith-ful, faith-ful,
Till we all shall meet a - bove.

1 I'll try to prove faithful, &c.
2 O, let us prove faithful, &c.
3 We mean to be faithful, &c.
4 There'll be no more sinning, &c.
When we all shall meet above.
5 There'll be no more sorrow, &c.
When we all shall meet above.
6 Then we shall see Jesus, &c.
When we all shall meet above.
7 There we shall sing praises, &c.
When we all shall meet above.

*From the Modern Psalmist.*

1. I would not live alway: I ask not to stay,
2. I would not live alway: No—welcome the tomb,
Where storm af - ter storm ris - es o'er the dark way
Sice Je - sus has lain there, I dread not its gloom
The few lu - rid mornings that dawn on us here, . . .
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me a - rise, . . . .
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
To hail him in triumph de-scend - ing the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns;

4 Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren, transported to greet?
Where anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.


1. Though in the outward church below, The
wheat and tares togeth-er grow; Je - sus ere long will
weed the crop, And pluck the trees in an-ger up.
Chorus.
For soon the reap - ing time will come,
And an - gels shout the har-vest home.

### Harvest Home.

1 Though in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

CHORUS.

*For soon the reaping time will come,*
*And angels shout the harvest home.*

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?
*For soon the reaping time will, &c.*

3 No! this will aggravate their case,
They perish'd under means of grace,
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.
*For soon the reaping time will, &c.*

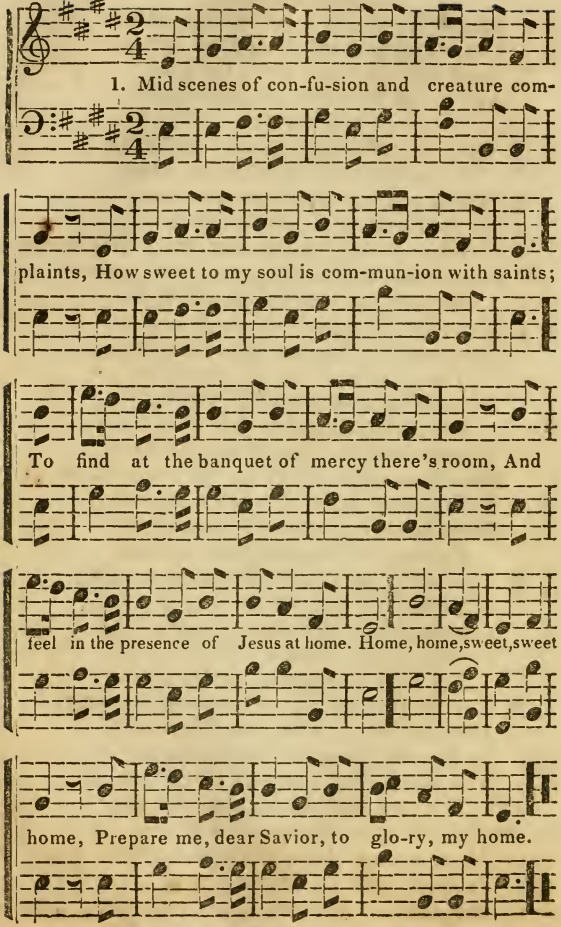
4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat,
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.
*For soon the reaping time will, &c.*

5 The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends:
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.
*For soon the reaping time will, &c.*

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.
*For soon the reaping time will, &c.*

7 Oh! awful thought, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.
*For soon the reaping time will, &c.*

# Saint's Sweet Home.


1. Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature com-
plaints, How sweet to my soul is com-mun-ion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room, And
feel in the presence of Jesus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet
home, Prepare me, dear Savior, to glo-ry, my home.

**Saint's Sweet Home.**

2

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

CHORUS.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,*
*Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.*

3

I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Tho' now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.*

4

While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.*

5

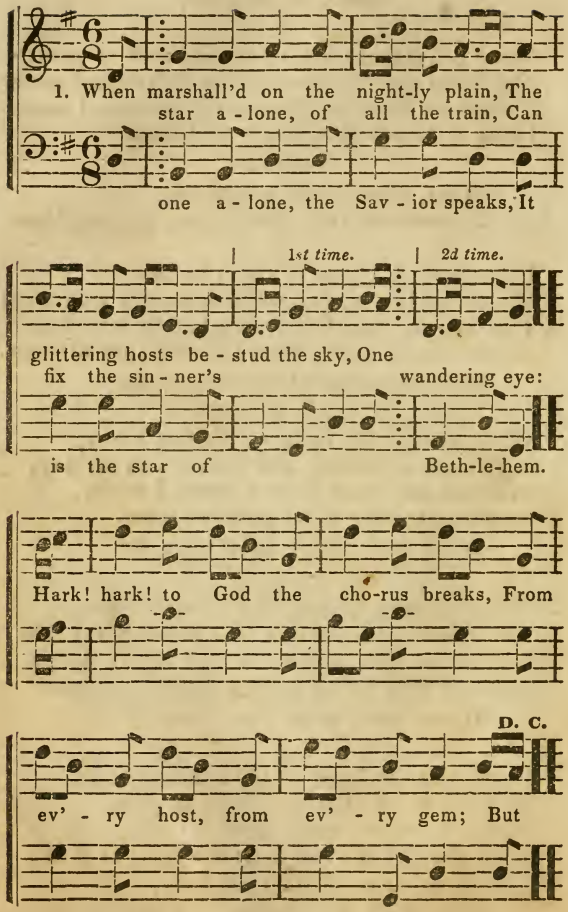
Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.*

6

I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at Home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,*
*Receive me, dear Savior, in glory, my home.*


1. When marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The
star a - lone, of all the train, Can
one a - lone, the Sav - ior speaks, It
1st time.
2d time.
glittering hosts be - stud the sky, One
fix the sin - ner's wandering eye:
is the star of Beth-le-hem.
Hark! hark! to God the cho-rus breaks, From
D. C.
ev' - ry host, from ev' - ry gem; But

**Star of Bethlehem.**

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck—I ceased the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

---

**The Christian and the Cross.**

2 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Who lives by angels now adored;
That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.

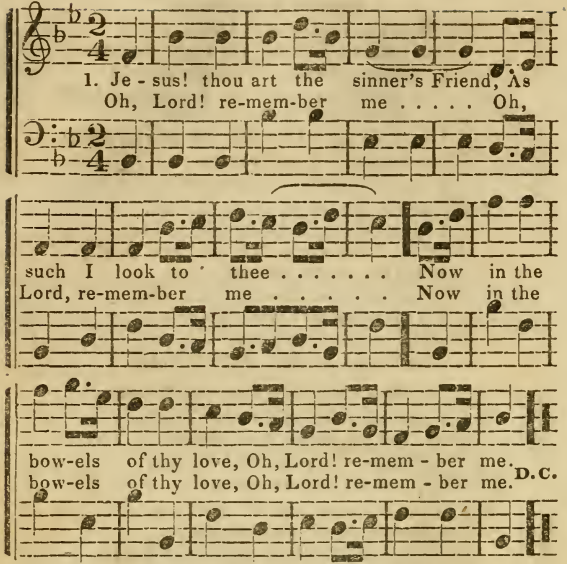
2 I'm not ashamed to own his laws,
Nor to defend his noble cause,
The way he's gone, is lined with blood,
O may I tread the steps he trod.

3 I'm not ashamed his name to bear,
With those who his disciples were:
Christian, sweet name! its worth I view,
O may I wear the nature too.

4 I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,
For which I count all things but dross;
Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,
When Christ commands, I will obey.

5 I'm not ashamed to be despised,
By those who ne'er religion prized:
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,
For all that men can say or do.

6 This world's vain honors will I shun,
The narrow way to life I'll run;
That this at last my boast may be,
My Savior's not ashamed of me.

# Lord! remember me.

1. Je - sus! thou art the sinner's Friend, As
Oh, Lord! re-mem-ber me . . . . . Oh,
such I look to ' thee . . . . . Now in the
Lord, re-mem-ber me . . . . . Now in the
bow-els of thy love, Oh, Lord! re-mem - ber me.
bow-els of thy love, Oh, Lord! re-mem - ber me.
D.C.

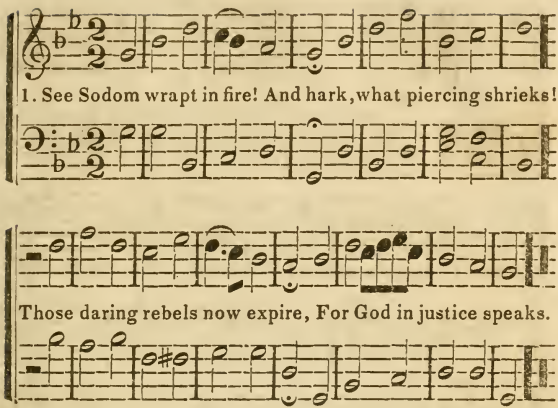
2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free:
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, oh my great Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.



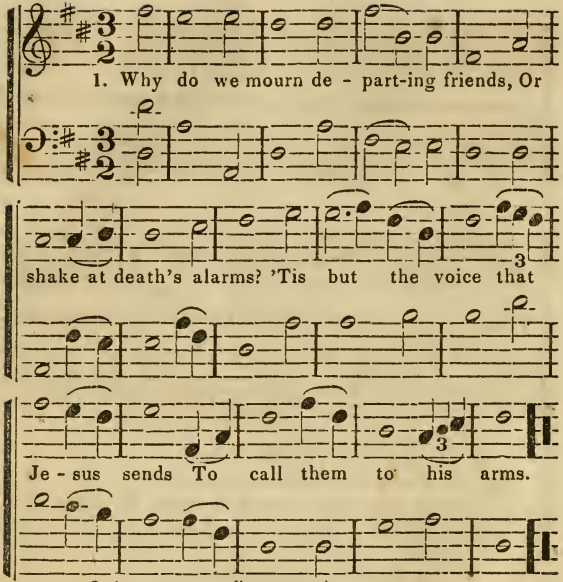

2 O sinner, mark thy fate!
Soon will the Judge appear;
And then thy cries will come too late;
Too late for God to hear.

3 Thy day of mercy gone,
The Spirit grieved away,
Thy cup, long filling, now o'erflown,
Demands the vengeful day.

4 Thy God, insulted, seems
To draw his glittering sword;
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,
To vindicate his word.

5 One only hope I see;
Oh, sinner, seize it now,—
The blood that Jesus shed for thee!
No other hope hast thou.

*See "Millennial Musings"—page* 127, *hymn* 114.




2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

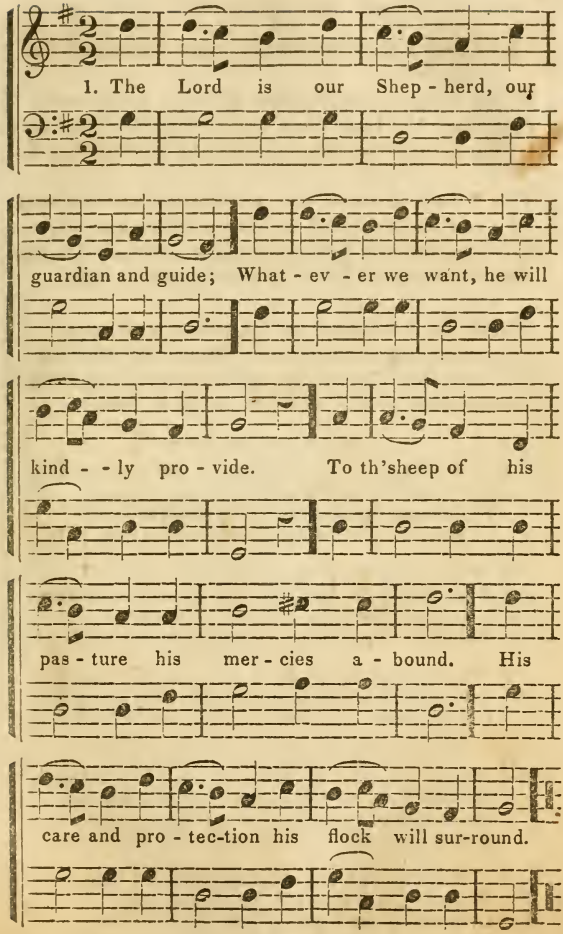
3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head.

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

*See "Millennial Musings"—page* 105, *hymn* 89—*page* 120, *hymn* 107.


1. The Lord is our Shep - herd, our
guardian and guide; What - ev - er we want, he will
kind - - ly pro - vide. To th'sheep of his
pas - ture his mer - cies a - bound. His
care and pro - tec-tion his flock will sur-round.

**Our Shepherd.**

2

The Lord is our Shepherd; what then shall we fear,
What danger can frighten us while he is near?
Not when the time calls us to walk thro' the vale
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.

3

Tho' afraid of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay;
For we know by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

4

The Lord is become our salvation and song,
His blessings have follow'd us all our life long;
His name will we praise while we have any breath;
Be cheerful in life, and be happy in death.

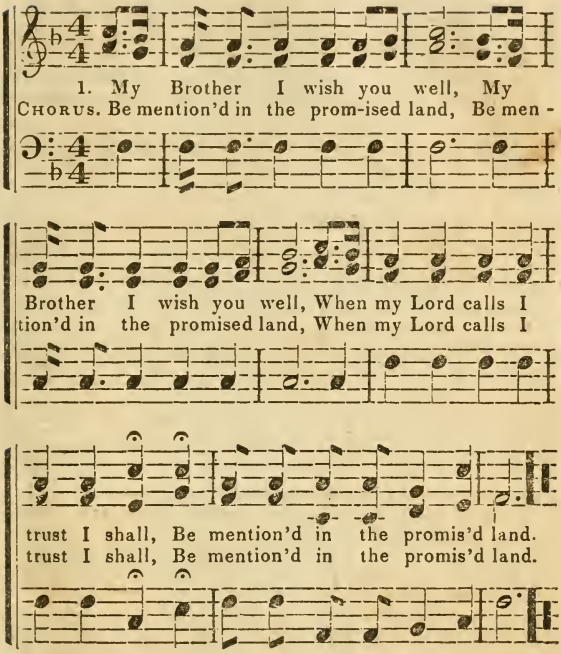
**"Lead me to the Rock."**

1 O, Savior of sinners, when faint and depressed,
With manifold trials and sorrows oppressed,
I'll bow at thy feet, and with confidence cry,
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!"

2 When tempted by Satan the Spirit to grieve,
And the service of Christ, my Redeemer to leave,
I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high—
The Rock of salvation, that's higher than I!

3 When judgments, O Lord, are abroad in the land,
And merited vengeance descends from thy hand!
O'erwhelmed with the sight, for protection I'll fly,
And hide in the Rock, that is higher than I!

4 When summoned by death before God to appear,
By free-grace supported I'll yield without fear!
Most gladly I'll venture with Jesus on high,
To enter the Rock that is higher than I!

5 'Tis there, with the chosen of Jesus, I long
To dwell, and eternally join in the song,
Of praising and blessing with angels on high,
Christ Jesus, the Rock that is higher than I!

1. My Brother I wish you well, My
Chorus. Be mention'd in the prom-ised land, Be men -
Brother I wish you well, When my Lord calls I
tion'd in the promised land, When my Lord calls I
trust I shall, Be mention'd in the promis'd land.
trust I shall, Be mention'd in the promis'd land.

2 My sister I wish you well, &c.

3 My father I wish you well, &c.

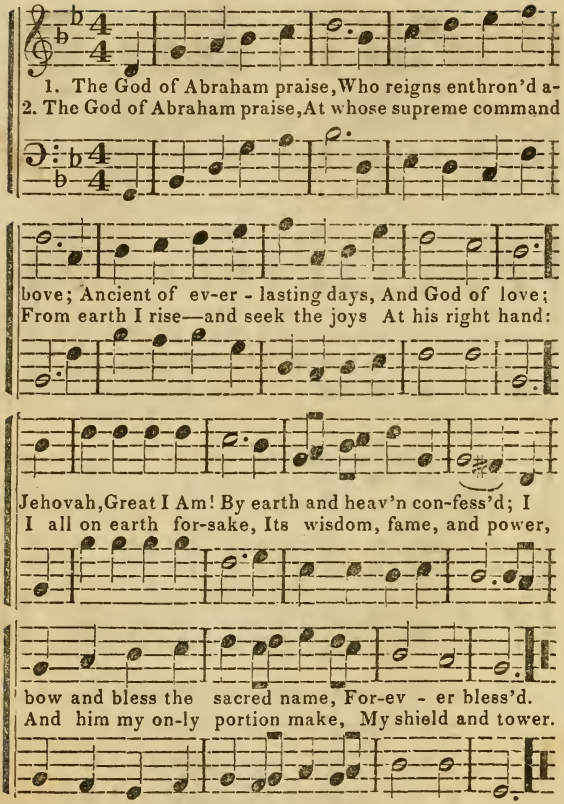
4 My mother I wish you well, &c.

5 My neighbors I wish you well, &c.

6 My pastor I wish you well, &c.

7 Young converts I wish you well, &c.

8 Poor sinner I wish you well, &c.


1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthron'd a-
2. The God of Abraham praise, At whose supreme command
bove; Ancient of ev-er - lasting days, And God of love;
From earth I rise—and seek the joys At his right hand:
Jehovah, Great I Am! By earth and heav'n con-fess'd; I
I all on earth for-sake, Its wisdom, fame, and power,
bow and bless the sacred name, For-ev - er bless'd.
And him my on-ly portion make, My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise;
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end.
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall on eagles' wings upborne
To Heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forevermore.

SECOND PART.

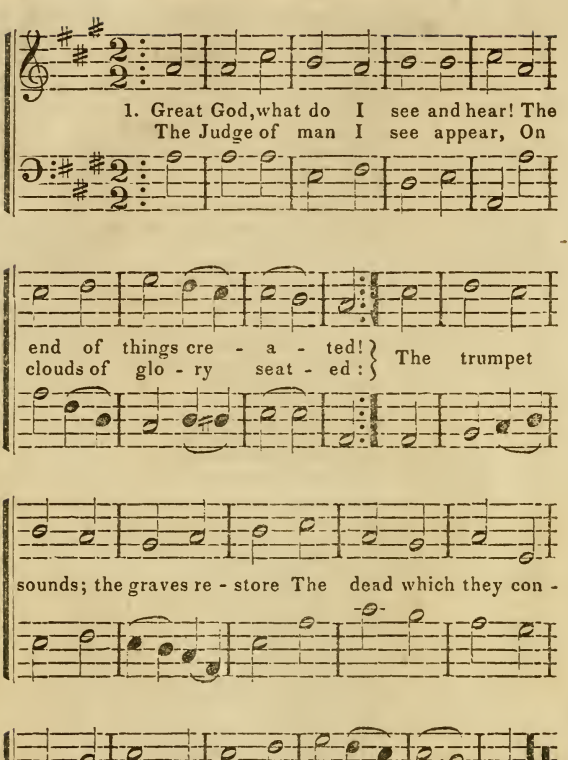
5 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And thro' the howling wilderness,
My way pursue.

6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd!
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace.
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
Forever reigns.

8 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure,
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

9 Before the Holy One,
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing in songs which never end
The wondrous Name.


1. Great God, what do I see and hear! The
The Judge of man I see appear, On
end of things cre - a - ted!
clouds of glo - ry seat - ed:
The trumpet
sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they con -
tain'd be-fore: Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

### Judgment.

1

Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated;
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding
No gloomy fears their souls dismay
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

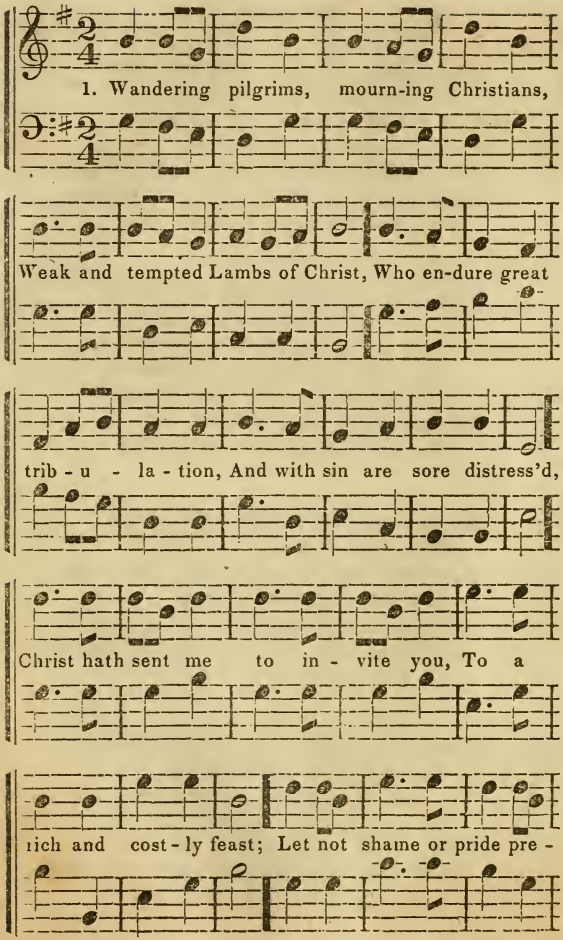
3

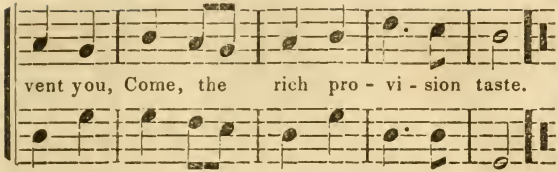
But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4

Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away
And thus prepare to meet him.

# Wandering Pilgrims.


1. Wandering pilgrims, mourn-ing Christians,
Weak and tempted Lambs of Christ, Who en-dure great
trib - u - la - tion, And with sin are sore distress'd,
Christ hath sent me to in - vite you, To a
rich and cost - ly feast; Let not shame or pride pre -



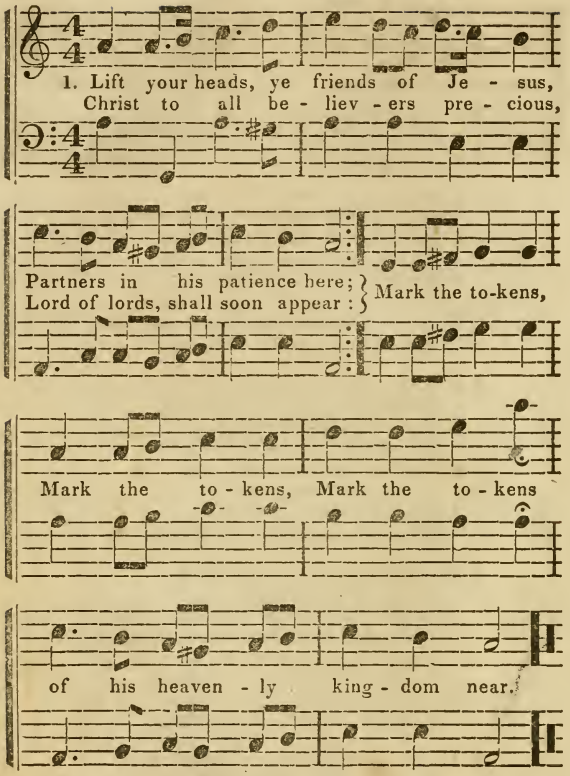

2 If you have a heart lamenting
And bemoan your wretched case,
Come to Jesus Christ, repenting,
He will give you gospel grace:
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him here below;
With your troubles now draw near him,
He the blessing will bestow.

3 If, like poor Bartimeus blinded,
You bewail the want of sight,
Cry to Jesus, son of David,
He will give you gospel light:
If no one appear to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk:
Jesus ready waits to heal you,
He will bid you rise and walk.

4 If, like Peter, you are sinking
In the sea of unbelief;
Wait with patient, constant praying,
Christ will grant you sweet relief.
Are you weary, heavy laden?
He will give you sweet repose;
Bear his light and easy burden,
He shall conquer all your foes.

5 He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supplied:
Canaan, Canaan, lies before you,
Rise, and cross the swelling tide.
Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ shall guide you thro' the gloom,
Down he'll send an heavenly convoy,
To convey you to his home.

# Lift your Heads.


1. Lift your heads, ye friends of Je - sus,
Christ to all be - liev - ers pre - cious,
Partners in his patience here;
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the to-kens,
Mark the to - kens, Mark the to - kens
of his heaven - ly king - dom near.

2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift approaching doom!
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come;
Cleaves the centre,
Nations rush into the tomb.

3 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming Revelation!
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face.

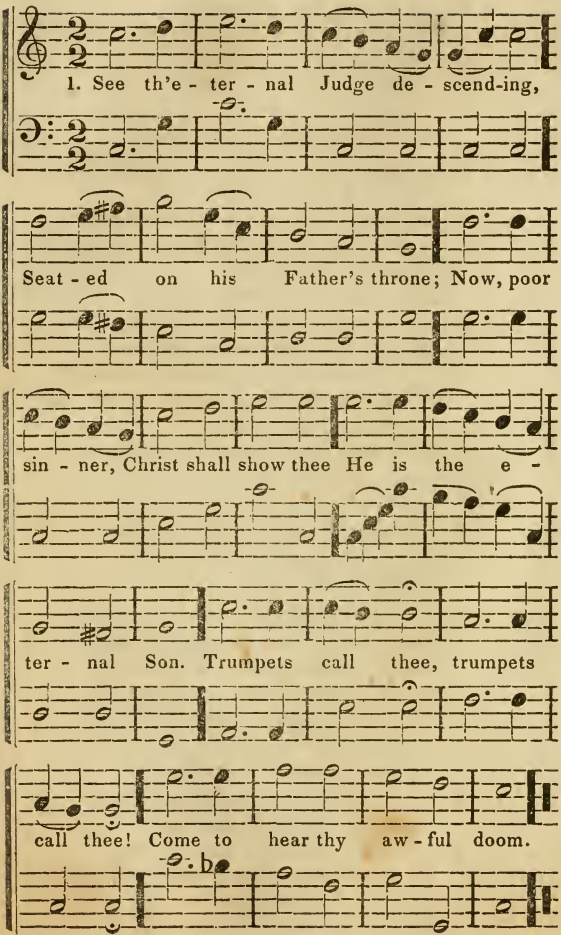
4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Savior,
Shines the everlasting light.

5 See the stars from heaven falling!
Hark! on earth the doleful cry!
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh;
Hide us, hide us,
Rock and mountains, from his eye!

6 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the monuments of his passion,
By the marks received for *me!*
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out—"'Tis He!"

7 "Lo! 'tis He! our heart's desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with the choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow:
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow."

8 Yes, the prize shall sure be given;
We his open face shall see:
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be,
Love shall crown us
Kings thro' all eternity


1. See th'e - ter - nal Judge de - scend-ing,
Seat - ed on his Father's throne; Now, poor
sin - ner, Christ shall show thee He is the e -
ter - nal Son. Trumpets call thee, trumpets
call thee! Come to hear thy aw - ful doom.

**The Judgment.**

2 Hear the sinner thus lamenting,
At the thoughts of future pain;
Cries and tears he now is venting,
But he cries and weeps in vain:
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

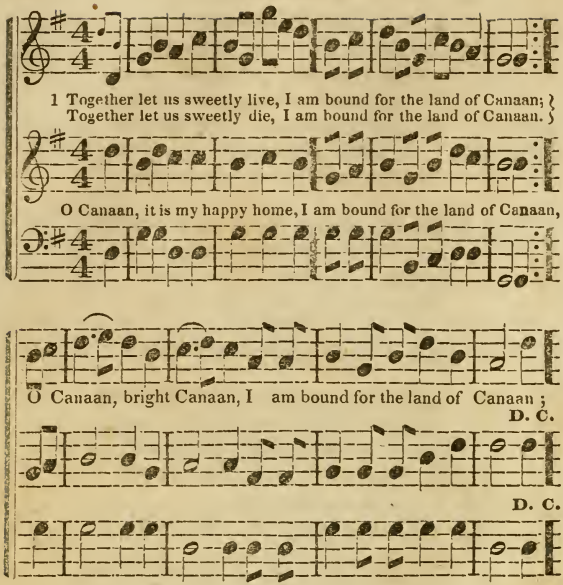
3 "Yonder stands the glorious Savior,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move!
Doomed justly,
For I have against him strove.

4 "All his warnings I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul;
If some vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke the whole:
Golden moments,
How neglected did they roll!

5 "Yonder stand my godly neighbors,
Who were once despised by me;
They are clad in dazzling splendor,
Waiting my sad fate to see—
Farewell, neighbors;
Dismal gulf! I'm bound for thee!

6 Now, despisers, look and wonder,
Hope and sinners here must part;
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart."
Lost forever!
How it quails the sinner's heart!

*See* "*Mill. Mus.*"—Hy. 69, p. 71.—Hy. 67, p. 79.—Hy. 75, p. 97.


1 Together let us sweetly live, I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Together let us sweetly die, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, it is my happy home, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land of Canaan;
D. C.
D. C.

2

If you get there before I do, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
Look out for me, I'm coming too, I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

3

I have some friends before me gone, I am bound, &c.
And I'm resolved to travel on, I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

4

Our songs of praise shall fill the skies, I am bound, &c.
While higher still our joys they rise, I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

5

Then come with me, beloved friend, I am bound, &c.
The joys of heaven shall never end, I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

### The Pilgrim's Lot.

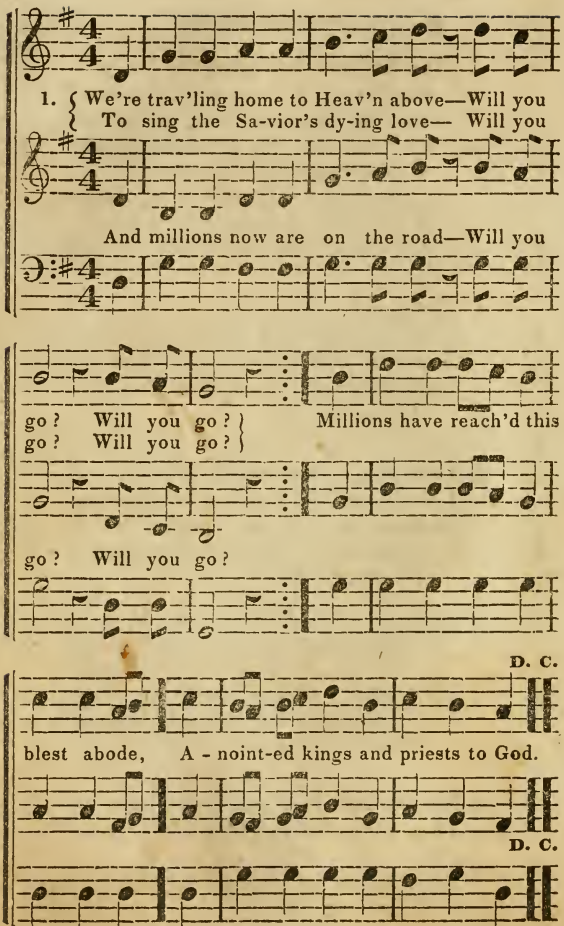
1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
How free from ev'ry anxious thought,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan! bright Canaan!
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2 Nothing on earth I call my own,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
A stranger to the world unknown,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.

3 I trample on the whole delight,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
And seek a city out of sight,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.

4 There is my house and portion fair,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
My treasure and my heart are there,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.

5 For me my elder brethren stay,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
And angels beckon me away,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.


1. We're trav'ling home to Heav'n above—Will you
To sing the Sa-vior's dy-ing love— Will you
And millions now are on the road—Will you
go? Will you go?
go? Will you go?
Millions have reach'd this
go? Will you go?
D. C.
blest abode, A - noint-ed kings and priests to God.
D. C.

2

We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,—Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,—Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,—Will you go?

3

We're going to join the Heavenly Choir,—Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,—Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing,
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,—Will you go?

4

Ye weary, heavy laden, come, —Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,—Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,—Come believe!

5

The way to Heaven is free for all—Will you go?
For Jew and Gentile—great and small,—Will you go?
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory, make a start,—Come away!

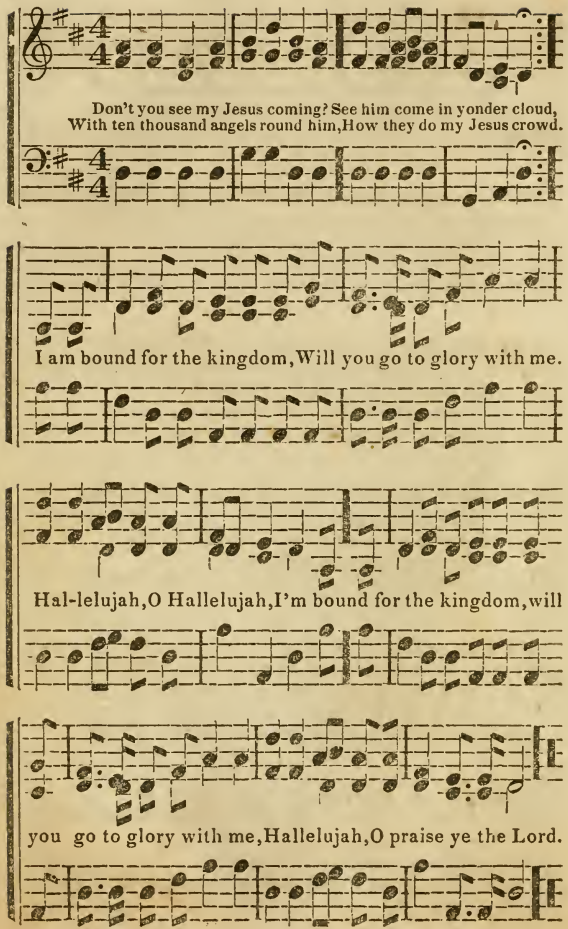
6

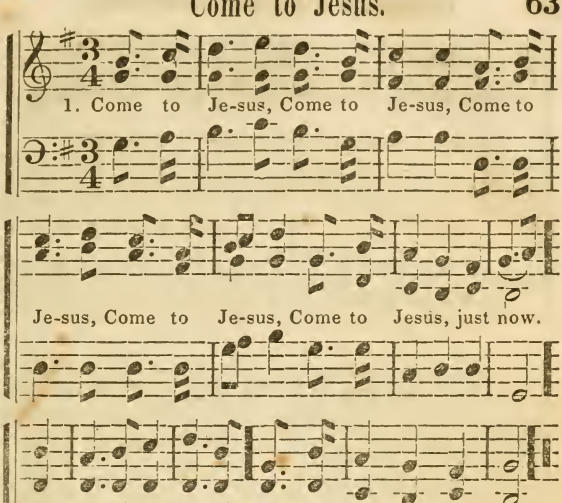
The way to Heaven is strait and plain,—Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,—Will you go?
The Savior cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"
And thou shalt my salvation see,—Come to me!

7

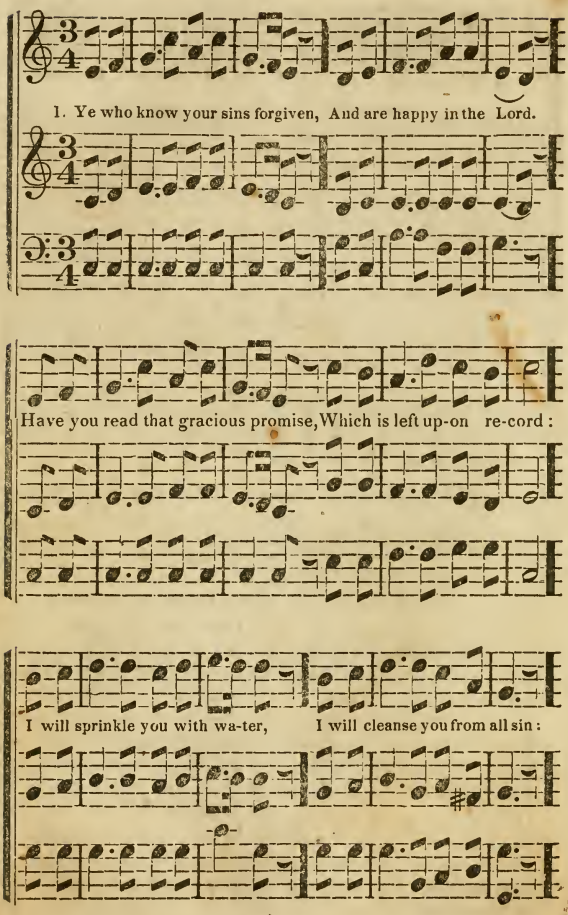
O, could I hear some sinner say,—I will go?
I'll start this moment, clear the way,—Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,—Let me go! Fare you well.

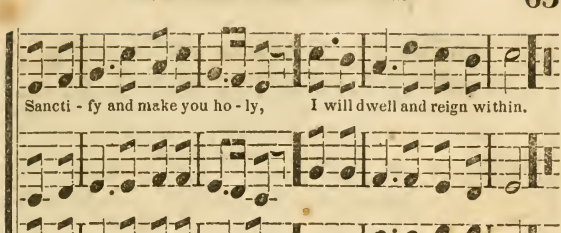
# Don't you see my Jesus coming.


Don't you see my Jesus coming? See him come in yonder cloud,
With ten thousand angels round him, How they do my Jesus crowd.
I am bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me.
Hal-lelujah, O Hallelujah, I'm bound for the kingdom, will
you go to glory with me, Hallelujah, O praise ye the Lord.




2 He is willing, Just now.
3 He is able, Just now.
4 He is knocking, Just now.
5 Can you hate him, Just now.
6 Time is flying, Just now.
7 Will you linger, Just now.
8 Come poor sinner, Just now.
9 Hell is burning, Just now.
10 Come my neighbors, Just now.
11 Christ is pleading, Just now.
12 Do not slight him, Just now.
13 Come ye wounded, Just now.
14 Shame the Devil, Just now.
15 O be honest, Just now.
16 God is waiting, Just now.
17 Christ may leave you, Just now,
18 Get religion, Just now.
19 Love the Savior, Just now,
20 Pray on brethren, Just now.
21 Pray on sisters, Just now.
22 Satan trembles, Just now.
23 Heaven rejoices, Just now.
24 If you hate him, Just now.
25 You'll repent it, So soon.
26 O the Judgment, So soon.
27 Death is coming, So soon.
28 Death and judgment, So soon.
29 Hell or heaven, So soon.
30 All is over, So soon.


1. Ye who know your sins forgiven, And are happy in the Lord.
Have you read that gracious promise, Which is left up-on re-cord :
I will sprinkle you with wa-ter, I will cleanse you from all sin :




2

Tho' you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
To procure your perfect freedom,
Jesus suffer'd, groan'd, and died,
On the cross the healing fountain,
Gushed from his wounded side.

3

If you have obtained this treasure,
Search and you shall surely find
All the Christian marks and graces,
Planted, growing, in your mind.
Perfect faith, and perfect patience,
Perfect lowliness, and then
Perfect hope, and perfect meekness,
Perfect love for God and man.

4

But be sure to gain the witness,
Which abides both day and night;
This your God has plainly promis'd,
This is like a stream of light.
While you keep the blessed witness,
All is clear and calm within;
God himself assures you by it
That your heart is cleansed from sin.

5

Be as holy and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure,
Jesus, only Jesus know.
Spread, O spread the holy fire,
Tell, O tell what God has done,
Till the nations are conformed
To the image of his Son.

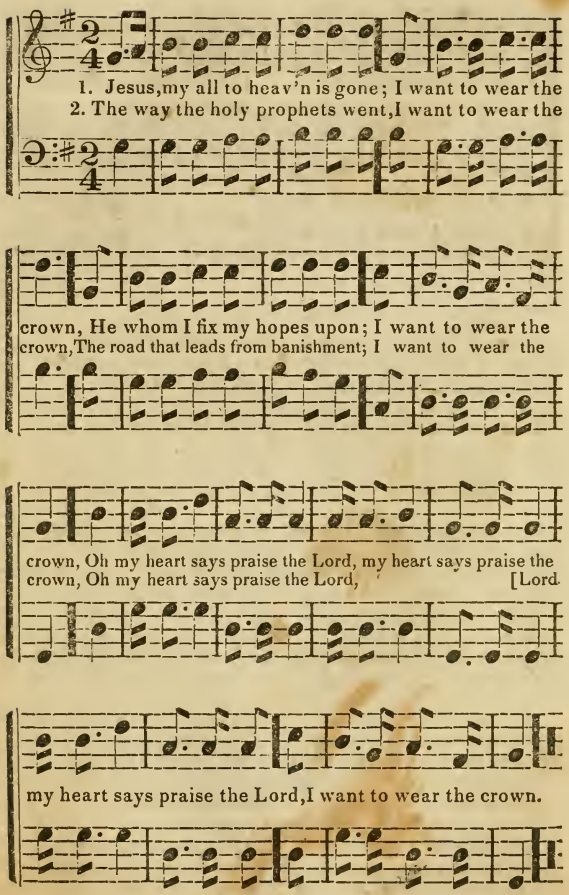
6

Witnesses might be produced,
Of this glorious work of love,
Paul and James, and John and Peter,
Long before they went above.
Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands,
Have, and do, and will appear;
Let me ask the solemn question,
Has the Lord a witness here.

7

Wake up brother, wake up sister,
Seek, O seek this holy state;
None but holy ones can enter
Thro' the pure celestial gate.
Can you bear the tho't of losing
All the joys that are above?
No, my brother, no, my sister,
God will perfect you in love.

# I want to wear the crown.


1. Jesus, my all to heav'n is gone; I want to wear the
2. The way the holy prophets went, I want to wear the
crown, He whom I fix my hopes upon; I want to wear the
crown, The road that leads from banishment; I want to wear the
crown, Oh my heart says praise the Lord, my heart says praise the
crown, Oh my heart says praise the Lord, [Lord.
my heart says praise the Lord, I want to wear the crown.

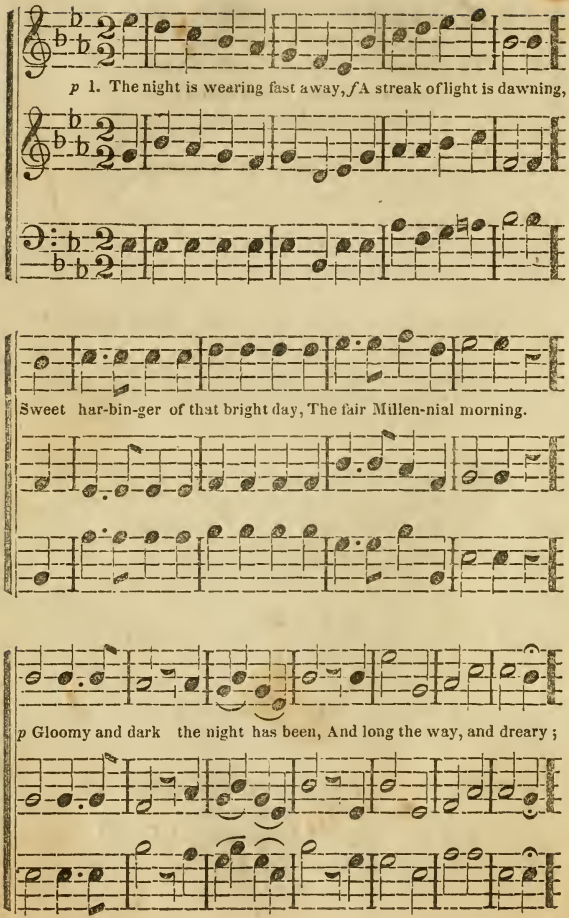
3 His track I see, and I'll pursue,
I want to wear the crown,
The narrow way, till him I view,
I want to wear the crown;
Oh my heart says, &c.

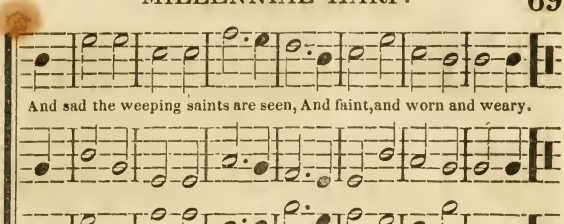
4 The King's highway of holiness,
I want to wear the crown,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
I want to wear the crown.
Oh my heart says, &c.

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
I want to wear the crown,
Shalt take me to thee whose I am;
I want to wear the crown,
Oh my heart says, &c.

6 Nothing but sin have I to give,
I want to wear the crown,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
I want to wear the crown,
Oh my heart says praise, &c.

7 Then will I tell to sinners round,
I want to wear the crown,
What a dear Savior I have found,
I want to wear the crown,
Oh my heart says, &c.

8 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
I want to wear the crown,
And say, 'Behold the way to God!'
I want to wear the crown,
Oh my heart says, &c.

p 1. The night is wearing fast away, f A streak of light is dawning,
Sweet har-bin-ger of that bright day, The fair Millen-nial morning.
p Gloomy and dark the night has been, And long the way, and dreary ;




2

*p* Ye mourning pilgrims, cease your tears,
*pp* And hush each sigh of sorrow;
*f* The light of that bright morn appears,—
The long sabbatic morrow.
*ff* Lift up your heads—behold from far
A flood of splendor streaming!
It is the bright and Morning-Star,
In living lustre beaming!

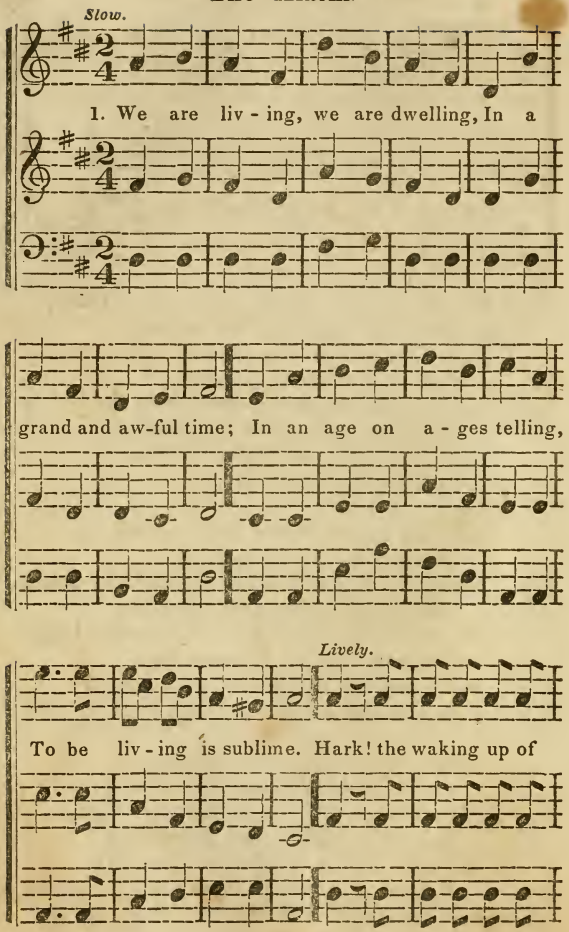
3

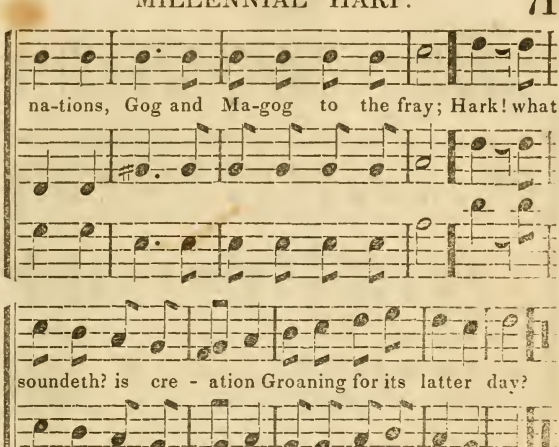
And see that star-like host around
Of angel bands, attending;
Hark! hark! the trumpet's glad'ning sound,
'Mid shouts triumphant blending.
He comes, the Bridegroom promised long—
Go forth with joy to meet him;
And raise the new and nuptial song,
In cheerful strains to greet him.

4

Adorn thyself, the feast prepare,
While bridal strains are swelling;
He comes, with thee all joys to share,
And make this earth his dwelling.
*f* Lift up your heads—behold from far
A flood of splendor streaming!
It is the bright and Morning-Star,
In living lustre beaming!

# The Alarm.


Slow.
1. We are liv - ing, we are dwelling, In a
grand and aw-ful time; In an age on a - ges telling,
Lively.
To be liv - ing is sublime. Hark! the waking up of

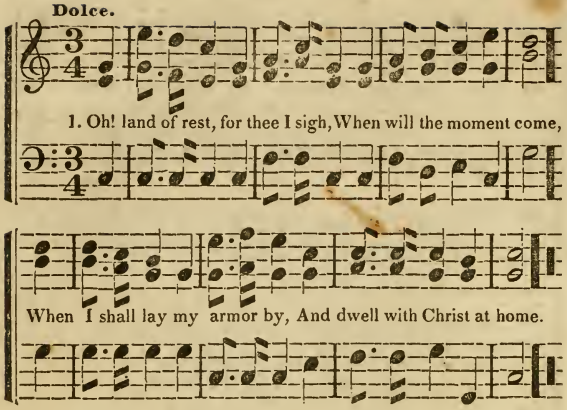



2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging—heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

*See "Millennial Musings"—page 7 and page 90.*

# Home.




2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of wo,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 I would at once have quit this place,
Where foes in fury roam,
But ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

5 When by afflictions sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling flood,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom;
I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

THE believers in the second advent of the Lord Jesus Christ at hand, have for some time felt the need of a collection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs, which were in accordance with their views of the advent and glorified kingdom of Christ. In order to meet this demand, the following hymns have been carefully selected from various authors, in Europe and America. The compilers have taken the liberty to amend and abridge them, when required.

It is commended to the faithful in Christ, who are looking for his approach, and who expect soon to unite in the new song, with the redeemed of every kindred, tongue, and nation.

THE COMPILERS.

# PROLOGUE.

The Savior comes, his advent 's nigh;
He soon will rend the azure sky,
Descending swift to earth again,
When God shall dwell indeed with men!
O happy day, when wars shall cease,
And ransomed earth be filled with peace;
When sin and death no more shall reign,
And Eden bloom on earth again!

Saints, lift your heads, that day is near,
When your Redeemer shall appear,
To take the kingdom and the crown,
And make his ransomed bride his own.
Shall not his people sing for joy?
Shall not the church their songs employ?
Sing, ye who will—sing while ye may,
And shout for joy th' approaching day.

# THE NEW JERUSALEM.

## HYMN 1. C. M.

1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes;
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies!

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King!

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men are the objects of his love,
And he their gracious God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

6 How bright the vision! O, how long
Shall this glad hour delay!
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

## HYMN 2. C. M.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence.
What folly 's this that I should dread
To die, and go from hence.

5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 When we 've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We 've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

## HYMN 3. 8 & 7.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'T is his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

4 Savior, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

## HYMN 4. C. M.

1 Arise and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold, thy light is come,
Thy glorious conquering King is near,
To take his exiles home;
The trumpet's sounding through the sky
To set poor sinners free;
The day of wonders now is nigh,
The year of jubilee.

2 Arise, ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear;
All tongues, all languages, shall come,
Their final doom to hear.
King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round;
While Gabriel, with his silver trump,
Echoes the dreadful sound.

3 The glorious news of gospel grace
With sinners now is o'er;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more·
The watchmen all have left their walls,
And with their flocks above,

On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.

## HYMN 5. 6 lines 8s.

1 Leader of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of wo,
And restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We have no 'biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

SECOND PART.

4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find;
Our labor this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven,
That palace of our glorious King;
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed,
The church of the first-born to join;
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Savior in the skies.

## HYMN 6. 8 lines 8s.

1 I LONG to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:

I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode:
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
For Jesus has spoken the word,
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord.
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove:
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

## HYMN 7. 8 lines 8s.

1 Away with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear;
The day of eternity come.

From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there!

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:

The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And, lo! by reflection they shine;
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

5 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in heaven they live,
They reign in the smile of their Lord!
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

## HYMN 8. C. M.

1 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Zion shall yet arise
In all the beauty of the Lord,
Beneath thy own fair skies,
When thou shalt come bowed down and low,
Repentant and in tears,
With offerings of broken hearts,
And faith of holy seers.

2 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Messiah, he is king;

Lift up thy voice from every hill,
Let every valley sing;
Lengthen thy cords, strengthen thy stakes,
Break out on every hand,
Thou blessed of the Lord of hosts,
And glory of the land.

## HYMN 9. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant

For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures
mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor, way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

5 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

6 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home.
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

7 I come! thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!

Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Savior, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

## HYMN 10. 8s.

1 A CITY appears to our view,
Where pilgrims will ever reside;
If faithful they prove and are true,
Will dwell with the Lamb as his bride.
From heaven this city descends,
Above the ethereal blue;
The saints will inhabit it when
To earth they have all bade adieu

2 No sun shall illumine that land,
Nor stars in its galaxy shine;
But order and harmony grand
Will be in each portion sublime.
No darkness shall ever prevail,
But light inexpressible reign;
No demon our rights shall assail,
To mar in that heavenly plain.

3 The walls of this city are high,
Her light 's like a jasper most clear;

When she falls from the azure blue
sky,
She will dwell with the holy who
fear.
Its streets are pellucid, fine gold;
No temple, but God and the Lamb,
Our eyes shall there ever behold,
For they are the light of that land.

## HYMN 11. 5 & 6.

1 O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er.

2 A city I 've found
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I 'm determined
On this happy ground.

3 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Savior,
And bless the glad day.

# KINGDOM OF GOD.

## HYMN 12. L. M.

1 Thy kingdom come! thus, day by day,
We lift our hands to God and pray;
But who has ever duly weighed
The meaning of the words he said?

2 Thy kingdom come! O day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ;
When hatred, strife and battles cease,
And man with man shall be at peace.

3 Then bears and wolves, no longer wild,
Obey the leading of a child;
The lions with the oxen eat,
And dust shall be the serpent's meat.

4 Then all shall know and serve the Lord,
And walk according to his word;
His glory spread around shall be,
As waters cover o'er the sea.

5 God's holy will shall then be done
By all who live beneath the sun;
And every evil will remove,
For God will reign, and "God is love."

## HYMN 13. L. M.

1 Great God, whose universal sway
All heaven reveres, all worlds obey,
Now make the Savior's glory known,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
Angels submit to his commands;
His justice shall protect the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His righteous government shall last,
Till days, and years, and time be past.

## HYMN 14. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayers be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every daily sacrifice.

3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

4 Where he displays his healing power,
The sting of death is known no more;
In him the sons of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

## HYMN 15. 7 & 6.

1 Hail to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;

Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;

His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is—Love.

## HYMN 16. 10s.

1 The Savior comes, by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
'T is he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear.

2 No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
No fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more.

3 The lambs with wolves shall graze
the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger
lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall
meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pil-
grim's feet.

4 Rise, crowned with light, imperial
Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy
eyes!
See barbarous nations at thy gates
attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple
bend.

5 The seas shall waste, the skies in
smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains
melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power
remains,
Thy realm forever lasts—Messiah
reigns.

## HYMN 17. 7 & 6.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?—
Salvation!—oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

## HYMN 18. S. M.

1 Rejoice! the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Ye ransomed saints, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!

2 The mighty Savior reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he himself had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The sovereign keys of death and hell
Into his hands are given.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,

And humbly bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his waiting servants up
To their eternal home.

## HYMN 19. 7 & 6.

1 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entombed millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransomed dust, revived,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansions
Where our Redeemer 's gone.

2 Our eyes shall then, with rapture,
The Savior's face behold!
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold!
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing!
Our tongues shall chant the glory
Of our immortal King.

# DESIRE OF THE BRIDE.

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HYMN 20. P. M.

1 How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest;
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest.
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I 'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of Love.

2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise.
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of Love.

3 Then hail, blessed state! Hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I 'll meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow through Jesus's love."
Though prisoned in earth, yet, by anticipation,

Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me when freed from probation!
My heart 's now in heaven, the Eden of Love.

## HYMN 21. 11s.

1 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay.
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

2 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms;
The Savior invites me, I 'll go to his arms.
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,

O there may I feast with his children
at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home—
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my
home.

3 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory
I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from
his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition
of home!

4 The days of my exile are passing
away,
The time is approaching when Jesus
will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down
on my throne,
And dwell in my presence, forever at
home."
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Savior
at home.

5 Affliction and sorrow and death shall
be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no
more;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's
high dome,
They dwell with the Savior, forever
at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Savior, for-
ever at home.

## HYMN 22. 8, 8, & 6.

1 O GLORIOUS hope of heavenly love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments
feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind, remove;
The purchase of thy death divide;
And, O! with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love.

## HYMN 23. L. M.

1 O SAVIOR, is thy promise fled?
Nor longer might thy grace endure,
To heal the sick and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor?

2 Come! Jesus, come! return again;
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.

3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbor, and our home.

4 Yet, mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on thee!

5 Come, Jesus! come, and as, of yore,
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day;

6 So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap thy harvest there.

## HYMN 24. S & 6.

1 O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh!
When will the moment come

When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world 's a wilderness of wo,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he 'd conduct me home.

4 I would at once have quit this place,
Where foes in fury roam,
But, ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

5 When, by afflictions sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling flood,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

## HYMN 25. C. M.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;

A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

3 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above;
Thy goodness thankfully adores,
And sure I taste thy love.

4 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height;
To comprehend th' Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

6 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'T is more than angel tongues can tell,
Or angel minds conceive.

7 Thou only know'st who didst obtain,
And die to make it known;
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

## HYMN 26. 7 & 6.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above;
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And, with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain 's gone before;
He 's given me my orders,
And bade me not give o'er.
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he 'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I 'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
And, O my friends, be faithful,
And on your way pursue.

## HYMN 27. 8, 8, & 6.

1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shall
come
To call thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace!
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In that expected day.
Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear,
To still each unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall
sound,
To see thy smiling face;

Then loud through all the crowd I 'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of endless grace.

## HYMN 28. 7s.

1 Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life!
Such a Way as gives us breath;
Such a Truth as ends all strife;
Such a Life as killeth death.

2 Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength!
Such a Light as shows a feast;
Such a Feast as mends in length;
Such a Strength as makes his guest.

3 Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart!
Such a Joy as none can move;
Such a Love as none can part;
Such a Heart as joys in love.

## HYMN 29. L. M.

1 On Tabor's top the Savior stands;
His altered face resplendent shines,
And while he elevates his hands,
Lo, glory marks its gentle lines!

2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait
Upon their suffering Prince below:
But while they worship at his feet,
They talk of fast approaching wo.

3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
To Calvary he turns his eyes,
And, with submission all serene,
He marks the future tempest rise.

4 Then let us climb the mount of prayer,
Where all his beaming glories shine,
And, gazing on his brightness there,
Our woes forget in joys divine.

5 O that on yonder heavenly hills,
Where now the risen Savior stands,
And peace, like softest dew, distils,
I, too, may elevate my hands.

# THE ALARM.

## CALL TO DUTY.

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HYMN 30. 8 & 7.

1 We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

2 Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth? is creation
Groaning for its latter day?

3 Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.

4 Hark, the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

5 Worlds are charging—heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.

SECOND PART.

6 What! still hug thy dreamy slumbers!
'T is no time for idling play;
Wreaths, and dance, and poet-numbers,
Flout them—we must work to-day.

7 Fear not; spurn the worldling's laughter;
Thine ambition trample thou;
Thou shalt find a long hereafter
To be more than tempts thee now.

8 On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

9 Magog leadeth many a vassal;
Christ his few, his little ones;
But about our leaguered castle
Rear and Vanguard are his sons.

10 Sealed to blush, to cower never,
Crossed, baptized, and born again,
Sworn to be Christ's soldiers ever,
Oh, for Christ at least be men!

## HYMN 31. 10, 8.

1 CHRISTIAN, arise! in armor arrayed,
Rush fearlessly on to the fight;
Christian, rejoice! and be not dismayed;
Thy God puts the alien to flight.

2 Christian, arise! in the ranks of the Lord
Prove valiant in serving thy King;
His promise declares, and strong is his word,
All his people shall victory sing.

3 Then let the war-song of Christians unite,
Be borne on the wings of the wind,
As onward they rush, in the strength of his might—
On, onward, and victory find.

4 The struggle is great, and desp'rate have grown
The followers of Baal—his hosts

Tremble and howl, as their sinking throne
Is broken and fallen from its posts.

5 Christian, rejoice! for victory is thine,
And thine is the victor's reward;
Christian, exult! thy God is divine,
And great is the strength of his word.

## HYMN 32. 7s.

1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel!

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ller! ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn!
Watchman! let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ller! lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

## HYMN 33. L. M.

1 Hark! 't is the warlike clarion:
On, to the battle, heroes, on!
To arms! to arms! resounds on high
The voice of war and victory.

2 Haste to the battle! See! the Lord
Waves to the clouds his conquering sword.
To arms! to arms! I hear the cry,
On, on, to bloodless victory!

3 The fierce embattled hosts of hell
Before the dreadful onset fell.
To arms! to arms! was once the cry,
But now the trump sounds victory!

4 Lo! the white war-horse treads them down,
I know the rider by his crown.
All hail! all hail! his legions cry;
Jesus, be thine the victory!

## HYMN 34. 10, 5, & 11.

1 Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear!
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

## HYMN 35. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

## HYMN 36. S, S, & 6.

1 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

2 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come

To judge the nations at thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

4 Then, Savior, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above!
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

## HYMN 37. 11s.

1 Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness,
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm
that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was
mightier far:
They fled like the chaff from the
scourge that pursued them;
How vain were their steeds and their
chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that
hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the tim-
brel shall be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that
enslaved thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and
Zion is free.

## HYMN 38. 7s.

1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,
'T is thy Savior, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy
wound;

Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is a redeeming love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

## HYMN 39. S. M.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the Eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

## HYMN 40. S. M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;

O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray
I shall forever die.

## HYMN 41. 7 & 6.

1 Come, brethren dear, and sisters,
Although a little band,
The victory I 'll assure you,
Stand fast with sword in hand;
Then wield your sword with pleasure,
The battle goes aright;
When Israel gained the victory,
He fought with faith and might.

2 How beautiful the garments
The bride of Christ doth wear;
He offers her rich presents,
And crowns her as his heir.

He decks her with rich jewels,
And crowns her with his love,
And by his mighty power
Will carry her above.

3 I 'll bid farewell to sorrow,
To sickness, care and pain,
And mount aloft to Jesus,
Forever there to reign.
I 'll join to sing his praises
Above th' ethereal blue—
And then, poor careless sinner,
What will become of you?

## HYMN 42. 7 & 8.

1 Come, all ye sons of Zion,
Who are waiting for salvation,
Have your lamps trimmed and burning,
For behold the proclamation,
Saying, "All things now are ready
For the poor and for the needy;
All my fatlings now are killed,
And prepared on the table."

2 Arise and get ready;
Hasten to the marriage supper,

While the Bridegroom is calling,
And poor sinners are a falling.
See the Lord of life descending,
And the judgment trumpet sounding,
For to gather all the nations
To the final judgment-day.

3 O what a happy meeting,
When salvation is completed,
And tribulation 's ended,
And the spotless robe prepared
For the bride to be adorned,
In the jasper wall be crowned,
Saying, "Worthy is the Lamb,"
In the New Jerusalem.

4 O, sinners, don't be doubting,
While the sons of God are shouting;
Come and join the happy army,
And there 's nothing that will harm
you.
If you follow Christ the Savior,
And break off your bad behavior,
And repent and be converted,
You may sing his praises too.

## HYMN 43. P. M.

1 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion joined.
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;
Take courage, brother pilgrims,
And soon you 'll win the prize.

2 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day
When I make up my jewels,
Released from cumbrous clay.
He 'll polish and refine you
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.

3 On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving
Shall wing the gloom profound;
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands;
Lo, you 're redeemed forever
From death's corrupted bands!

# WORSHIP.

## PRAYER AND PRAISE.

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### HYMN 44. L. M.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

## HYMN 45. L. M.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing!
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every hour find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

## HYMN 46. C. M.

1 May I, throughout this day of thine,
Be in thy spirit, Lord;
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word;

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above;
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

## HYMN 47. S. M.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

## HYMN 48. L. M.

1 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest;
Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides a blest foretaste of heaven
On this day more than all the seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the blest pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

## HYMN 49. S. M.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
That bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
So sweet the tidings are;
"Zion, behold thy Savior, King;
He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

## HYMN 50. C. M.

1 Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing;
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath raised;
How holy, and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest trav'llers err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress
Like shadows all are fled.

## HYMN 51. C. M.

1 Zion, the city of our God,
How glorious is the place!
The Savior there has his abode,
And sinners see his face.

2 Firm against every adverse shock
Its mighty bulwarks prove;
'T is built upon the living Rock,
And walled around with love.

3 There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die;
And streams of grace and knowledge flow,
The soul to satisfy.

4 Come, set your faces Zionward,
The sacred road inquire;
And let a union to the Lord
Be henceforth your desire.

5 The gospel shines to give you light,
No longer, then, delay;
The Spirit waits to guide you right,
And Jesus is the way.

6 O Lord, regard thy people's prayer,
Thy promise now fulfil;

And young and old by grace prepare
To dwell on Zion's hill.

## HYMN 52. L. M.

1 Triumphant Zion! lift thy head
From dust, from darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Savior's strength!

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruin shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

## HYMN 53. C. M.

1 Comfort, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.

2 Go into every nation, go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show;
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare!
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there!

4 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
Sinners, repent! the call obey:
Open your hearts to make him room;
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.

5 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;

The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

6 The glory of the Lord displayed
Shall all mankind together view,
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

## HYMN 54. C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown him Lord of all.

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before his face who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
He fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;

Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

## HYMN 55. C. M.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

## HYMN 56. C. M.

1 Father of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,

One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

## HYMN 57. L. M.

1 Sing to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

2 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That he has sought his God in vain.

3 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power—his love the same.

4 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes;
We boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where he shall lead.

## HYMN 58. L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise to set no more.

# MIDNIGHT CRY.

## HYMN 59. C. M.

1 The Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh:
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

3 Throned on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come;

And earth and hell shall know and
fear
His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"Who made their peace with God,
Through the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And sealed it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works, brought forth
to light,
Shall make the world confess
My sentence of reward is right,
And heaven adore my grace."

## HYMN 60. 8, 7 & 4.

1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign!

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,

Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
"Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!"

4 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Savior, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known.
O come quickly—
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

## HYMN 61. L. M.

1 The Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake,
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,—

A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind!

4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
Oh God! is this the crucified?

5 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain-cleft in vain!
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!

## HYMN 62. C. M.

1 When wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire,
In harsh disorder rise;

2 Safe in my Savior's love I 'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song;
My harp all trembling in my hand,
And all inspired my tongue.

3 I 'll shout aloud, " Ye thunders, roll,
And shake the sullen sky;
Your sounding voice from pole to pole
In angry murmurs try.

4 " Let the earth totter on her base,
And clouds the heaven deform;
Blow, all ye winds, from every place,
And rush the final storm.

5 " Come quickly, blessed hope, appear,
Bid thy swift chariot fly;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.

6 " Around thy wheels in the glad throng
I 'd bear a joyful part;
All hallelujah on my tongue,
All rapture in my heart."

## HYMN 63. 7s, 6s, & 1 8.

1 Stand th' omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done!

Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan:
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let those pond'rous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust;

2 Rests secure the righteous man,
At his Redeemer's beck
Sure t' emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck.
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroyed;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void;
Sees this universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun;
Shouts with all the sons of God,
Around th' eternal throne.

4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restored,

Yield we now our bodies up,
To earthquake, plague, or sword.
List'ning for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

## HYMN 64. C. M.

1 And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live!
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead.
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near,
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

## HYMN 65. 11 & 12.

1 The chariot! the chariot! its wheels
roll on fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the
pomp of his ire;
Self-moving it drives on its pathway
of cloud,
And the heavens with the burthen of
God-head are bowed.

2 The glory! the glory! by myriads
are poured
The hosts of the angels to wait on
the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the mar-
tyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreath of vic-
tory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead
have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered
charnel are stirred;

From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,
The vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word!

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Creator! on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven!

## HYMN 66. L. M.

1 He comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near!

His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See th' almighty Jesus crowned!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Savior's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.

## HYMN 67. 8, 7, & 4.

1 Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear;
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift-approaching doom!

War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come;
Cleaves the centre,
Nations rush into the tomb.

3 Close behind the tribulation
Of these last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation!
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face!

4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When, with angel hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Savior,
Shines the everlasting light.

5 See the stars from heaven falling;
Hark, on earth the doleful cry;
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh,
"Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!"

6 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!

By the monuments of his passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out, "'T is he!"

7 "Lo! 't is he! our hearts' desire,
Come for his espous'd below;
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow;
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow."

## HYMN 68. L. M.

1 The great archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,

Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness,
Stand as the Rock of Ages sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth, and all the works therein,
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruined world look down;
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

## HYMN 69. S. M.

1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,

And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
Forever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.
O may we all insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

## HYMN 70. C. M.

1 By faith we find the place above,
The Rock that rent in twain,
Beneath the shade of dying love,
And in the cleft remain.

2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee;
We sink into thy side;
Assured that all who trust in thee
Shall evermore abide.

3 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound,
The latest lightnings glare;
The mountains melt, the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air;

4 The huge celestial bodies roll
Amidst the general fire,
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire!

5 Yet still the Lord, the Savior, reigns,
When nature is destroyed,
And no created thing remains
Throughout the flaming void.

6 Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks th' Almighty word;

His fiat is obeyed; 't is done,
And paradise restored.

7 So be it! let this system end,
This ruinous earth and skies!
The New Jerusalem descend,
The new creation rise!

8 Thy power omnipotent assume!
Thy brightest majesty!
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me!

## HYMN 71. P. M.

1 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding.

No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone,
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

## HYMN 72. S. M.

1 Behold! with awful pomp,
The Judge prepares to come;
The archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
And wakes the general doom.

2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns;
Blushes of blood the moon deface;
The sun to darkness turns.

3 The living look with dread;
The frighted dead arise,
Start from the monumental bed,
And lift their ghastly eyes.

4 Horrors all hearts appal,
They quake! they shriek! they cry!
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall,
But rocks and mountains fly.

5 Ye wilful, wanton fools,
Let dangers make you wise;
Carnal professors, careless souls,
Unclose your sleeping eyes.

6 'T is time we all awake;
The dreadful day draws near;
Sinners, your proud presumption check,
And stop your wild career.

7 Now is th' accepted time,
To Christ for mercy fly;

O turn, repent, and trust in him,
And you shall never die.

S Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day;
Help us in Jesus to believe,
To watch. and wait. and pray.

## HYMN 73. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 How happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,
In all commotions rest;
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
And lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee,
Before the floods descend;
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Savior's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise;
Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess;
The war proclaims thee Prince of peace;
The earthquake speaks thy power;
The famine all thy fulness brings;
The plague presents thy healing wings
And nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befal,
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesus near.
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
"Triumphant Lord, appear!"

6 Appear with clouds on Sion's hill,
Thy word and mystery to fulfil,
Thy confessors t' approve;

Thy members on thy throne to place
And stamp thy name on every face,
In glorious, heavenly love.

## HYMN 74. S & 7.

1 Righteous God! whose vengeful vials
All our fears and thoughts exceed;
Big with woes, and fiery trials
Hanging bursting o'er our head!
While thou visitest the nations,
Thy selected people spare;
Arm our cautioned souls with patience,
Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

2 If thy dreadful controversy
With all flesh is now begun,
In thy wrath remember mercy;
Mercy first and last be shown.
Plead thy cause with sword and fire;
Shake us till the curse remove;
Till thou com'st the world's desire.
Conquering all with sovereign love.

3 Every fresh alarming token
More confirms the faithful word:
Nature, for its Lord hath spoken,
Must be suddenly restored.

From this national confusion,
From this ruined earth and skies,
See the times of restitution,
See the new creation rise!

4 Vanish, then, this world of shadows!
Pass the former things away:
Lord, appear! appear to glad us
With the dawn of endless day!
O conclude this mortal story!
Throw this universe aside!
Come, eternal King of glory,
Now descend and take thy bride!

## HYMN 75. 8, 7 & 4.

1 Day of judgment—day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine."

Gracious Savior,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee.
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow;
You, forever,
Shall my love and glory know."

## HYMN 76. 7s.

1 Hark! that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud!
Jesus comes! and through the sky
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad through sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice!
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See! the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly!
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you—
Rise to meet him in the sky.

## HYMN 77. C. M.

1 That awful day will surely come,
Th' approaching hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly!

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,

And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

## HYMN 78. S. M.

1 In expectation sweet,
We 'll wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes! the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst the tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds, "Awake!
Ye dead, to judgment come!"
The pillars of creation shake,
While man receives his doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

# THE JUBILEE.

HYMN 79. C. M.

1 What heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free!
Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear;
This is the Jubilee.

2 How sweetly do the tidings roll
All round from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole,
This is the Jubilee.

3 Good news, good news to Adam's race;
Let Christians all agree,
To sing redeeming love and grace;
This is the Jubilee.

4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace;
This is the Jubilee.

5 Jesus is on the mercy-seat,
Before him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat;
This is the Jubilee.

6 Sinners, be wise, return, and come
Unto the Savior free;
The Spirit bids you welcome home;
This is the Jubilee.

7 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring
With songs of harmony;
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

## HYMN 80. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 What sound is this salutes my ear?
'T is Gabriel's trump methinks I hear;
The expected day is come!
Behold, the heavens, the earth, the sea
Proclaim the year of Jubilee;
Return, ye exiles, home.

2 Behold, the fair Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,
In glory doth appear!

Fair Zion rising from the tombs
To meet the Bridegroom, lo! he comes,
And hails the festive year.

3 My soul is striving to be there;
O could I rise and wing the air,
And trace the heavenly road,
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things!
O that I had an angel's wings,
I 'd quickly see my God.

4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly!
I thirst, I pant, I long to try,
Angelic joys to prove.
Soon shall I quit this house of clay,
Clap my glad wings and soar away,
And shout redeeming love.

## HYMN 81. 7s.

1 Hark! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.

2 See Jehovah's banners furled!
Sheathed his sword; he speaks—
't is done!

Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!

4 Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

## HYMN 82. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Savior's face.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

## HYMN 83. 7s.

1 Wake the song of Jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour,
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
"Christ of lords and kings is King!"
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore!

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

# LIVING ORACLES.

HYMN 84. 6 lines 8s.

1 Inspirer of the ancient seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years;
To us, in our degenerate age,
The spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart.

2 While now thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong desire,
O let thy Spirit from thee proceed.
Our souls t' awaken and inspire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace.

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
The living God through sin forsake,
Our conscience by thy word reprove,
Convince and bring the wand'rers back;
Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.

4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
Transmitted through thy word, repeat,
And train us up in all thy ways,
To make us in thy will complete;
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

5 Furnished out of thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand,
To help the souls redeemed by thee,
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love.

## HYMN 85. C. M.

1 The counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;

And here the Savior's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous gifts are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

## HYMN 86. C. M.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior near.

## HYMN 87. 7s.

1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Savior's love;

Mine, art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

## HYMN 88. C. M.

1 Jesus, my Savior, and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3 Help me to read the Bible o'er
With ever-new delight.
Help me to love its Author more;
To seek thee day and night.

4 O let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

## HYMN 89. C. M.

1 Hail, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.

2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze,
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

## HYMN 90. L. M.

1 'T was by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word—and must endure.

## HYMN 91. C. M.

1 What glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun!
It gives a light to every age;
It gives—but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise—but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,

Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

## HYMN 92. C. M.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

# RESURRECTION.

## HYMN 93. L. M.

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'er-
threw;—
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blest.

## HYMN 94. C. M.

1 Why do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;

Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

## HYMN 95. L. M.

1 Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still shrink we back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

## HYMN 96. L. M.

1 The morning flowers display their sweets
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the winds' untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,

Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

## HYMN 97. C. M.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever shines,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds or pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

## HYMN 98. C. M.

1 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

## HYMN 99. C. M.

1 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell,
Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral knell!

2 Once you must die, and once for all,
The solemn purport weigh;
For know that heaven or hell is hung
On that important day!

3 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake the Judge to see;
And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

4 O may I in the Judge behold
My Savior and my friend;
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

## HYMN 100. C. M.

1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming—dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears—
Thy Savior dwells on high;
There everlasting Spring appears—
There joys shall never die.

## HYMN 101. C. M.

1 Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!

From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord!
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

## HYMN 102. C. M.

1 And let our feeble bodies fail,
And let them faint and die;
We soon shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;

2 Shall join the glorified saints,
And find our long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which we pant,
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
We now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 We suffer on our threescore years,
Till our Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servants' tears,
And take his exiles home.

## HYMN 103. C. M.

1 Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year!

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

## HYMN 104. C. M.

1 How long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust!

2 When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

3 Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

4 We hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And, lo, the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them, clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How shall our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies
On love's triumphant wing.

## HYMN 105. C. M.

1 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

2 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

3 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who owns us here below,
Will be forever mine.

## HYMN 106. S. M.

1 And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

3 Ye sinners, see his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

## HYMN 107. C. M.

1 The angel comes; he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord!
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
Wide waves his flaming sword.

2 And who are they, in sheaves to bide
The fire of vengeance bound?
The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride
Chokes the fair crop around.

3 And who are they, reserved in store
God's treasure-house to fill?
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.

4 O King of mercy! grant us power
Thy fiery wrath to flee!
In thy destroying angel's hour,
O gather us to thee!

# THE TRIUMPH.

HYMN 108. P. M.

1 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he has made us victorious;
With shouting proclaim it—O trust in his passion,
He saved us most freely—O precious salvation!

2 Our Jesus his name now proclaims all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious;
To Jesus we 'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.

3 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we 'll praise him evermore;
We 'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever.

## HYMN 109. C. M.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,

Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

## HYMN 110. C. M.

1 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.

2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

## HYMN 111. C. M.

1 "These glorious minds! how bright they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

2 From torturing pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely washed their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach th' eternal God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveiled glories of his face
Among his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

## HYMN 112. P. M.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'T is found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

## HYMN 113. 8 lines 7s.

1 Hark! a voice divides the sky;
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed!
Them the Spirit hath declared,
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

2 Followed by their works, they go
Where their Head is gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath opened mercy's door.
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

## HYMN 114. S. M.

1 Sinners, the call obey,
The latest call of grace;
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race.

2 Devils and men combine
To plague the faithless seed,
And vials full of wrath divine
Are bursting on your head.

3 Enter into the Rock,
Ye trembling slaves of sin,
The Rock of your salvation, struck,
And cleft to take you in.

4 To shelter the distressed
He did the cross endure;
Enter into the clefts, and rest
In Jesus' wounds secure.

5 Jesus, to thee we fly
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defence is nigh,
Our help is in the Lord.

6 Or if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we know,
Shall be our souls' defence.

## HYMN 115. C. M.

1 Light of the world, shine on our souls,
Thy grace to us afford;
And while we meet to learn thy truth,
Be thou our teacher, Lord.

2 As once thou didst thy word expound
To those that walked with thee,
So teach us, Lord, to understand,
And its blest fulness see;

3 Its richness, sweetness, power and depth,
Its holiness discern;
Its joyful news of saving grace
By blest experience learn.

4 Help us each other to assist;
Thy Spirit now impart;
Keep humble, but with love inflame,
To thee, and thine, each heart.

5 Thus may thy word be dearer still,
And studied more each day;
And as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display.

## HYMN 116. C. M.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve.

2 "I 'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I 'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I 'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I 'll tell him I 'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "But should the Lord reject my plea,
And disregard my prayer,
Yet, still, like Esther, I will stay,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

## HYMN 117. P. M.

1 The Lord of hosts is on my side,
In him—him only, I confide,
Nor shall confide in vain;
Amidst ten thousand foes and snares,
Amidst ten thousand anxious cares,
He can my soul sustain.

2 I will not yield to servile fear,
Though all the fiends of hell draw near,
To fight, and rage, and rave;
My gracious God is also nigh,
And will their hostile rage defy;
He is at hand to save.

3 Let us our hope in God express,
Our hope is in his mighty grace,

And still in him confide;
With dauntless courage let us rise,
Press on, and win the gracious prize,
For God is on our side.

## HYMN 118. P. M.

1 How pleasant 't is to see
Kindred and friends agree—
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

2 'T is like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head—
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil through all the room
Diffused a rich perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

## HYMN 119. L. M.

1 Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed, in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high!
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

## HYMN 120. P. M.

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all your creature good;
Only Jesus we pursue,
Who bought us with his blood!
All thy pleasures we forego,
We trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will we know,
And Jesus crucified!

2 Here will we set up our rest;
Each fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart.
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will we know,
And Jesus crucified!

3 O that we could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain we would to sinners show,
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will we know
And Jesus crucified!

## HYMN 121. 10 & 11.

1 The fields are all white, the harvest is near;
The reapers all with their sharp sickles appear,
To reap down the fields and gather in barns;
While the wild plants of nature are left for to burn.

2 Come then, O my soul, and think on that day,
When all things in nature shall cease and decay,
The trumpet shall sound, the angels appear,
To reap down the earth, both the wheat and the tares.

3 But hear the sad cry, ascending the sky,
Of those in distress who have nowhere to fly;
They call for the rocks and mountains to fall
Upon their poor souls, to hide them from thrall.

4 'T will all be in vain; the mountains must flee,
The rocks fly like hailstones, and must no more be;
The earth it shall shake, the sea shall retire,
And this solid world shall then be all on fire.

5 Then, O wretched mortals, look up and 'spy
The glorious Redeemer descending the sky,
On chariots of fire; to earth he is bound,
With guards of bright angels attending him down.

6 But hear the kind Judge, that great day alarms,
First gather my children all into my arms,
That seven last plagues be poured out on those
Who 've blasphemed my name and my saints have opposed.

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